

POLICE

SM
1

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

COMICS

JANUARY No. 62

**PLASTIC
MAN**

STALKS
**CUPID'S
KILLER!**



STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢



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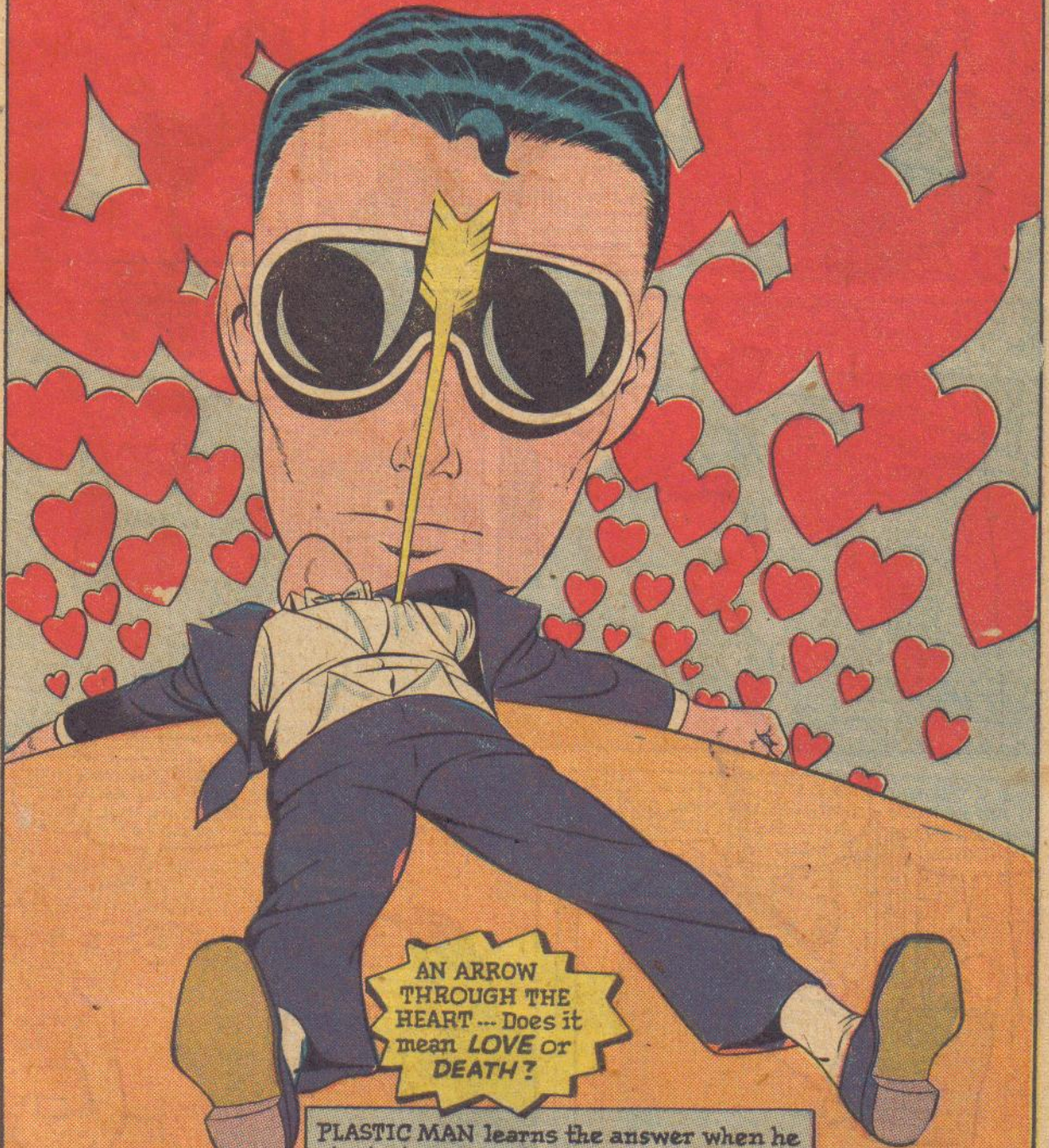
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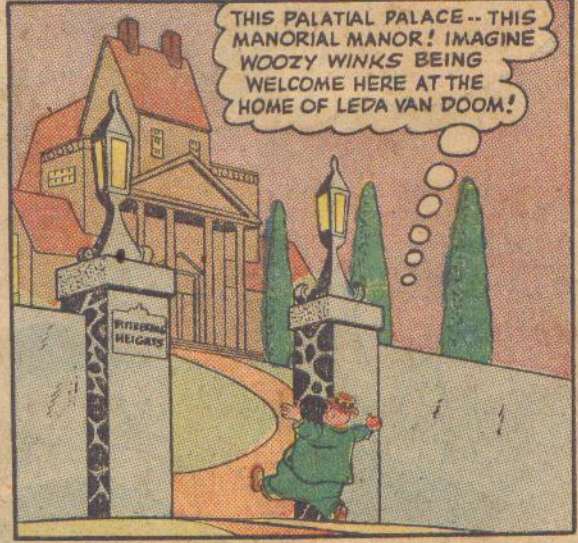
PLASTIC MAN

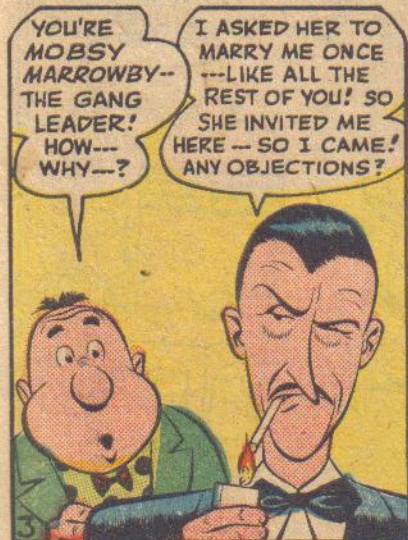
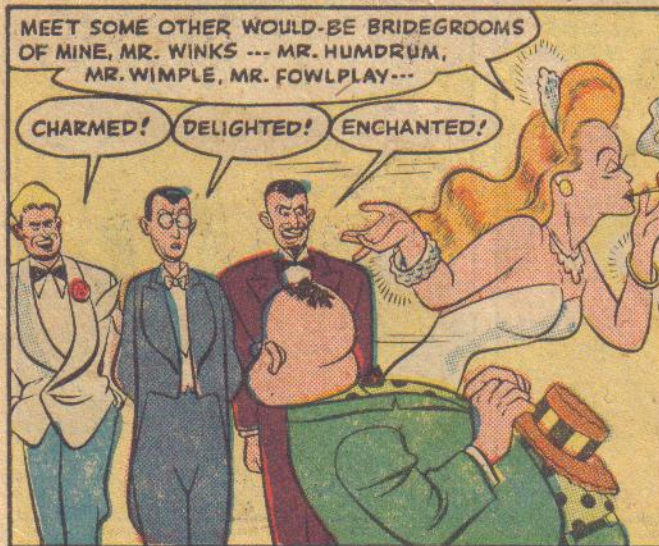
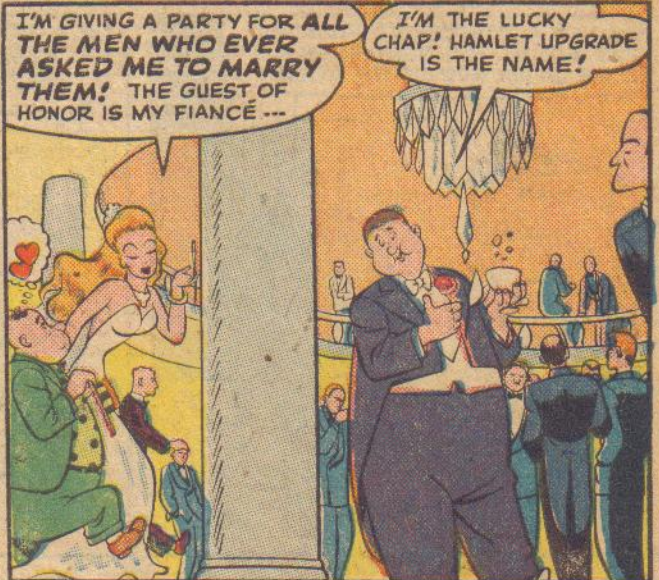
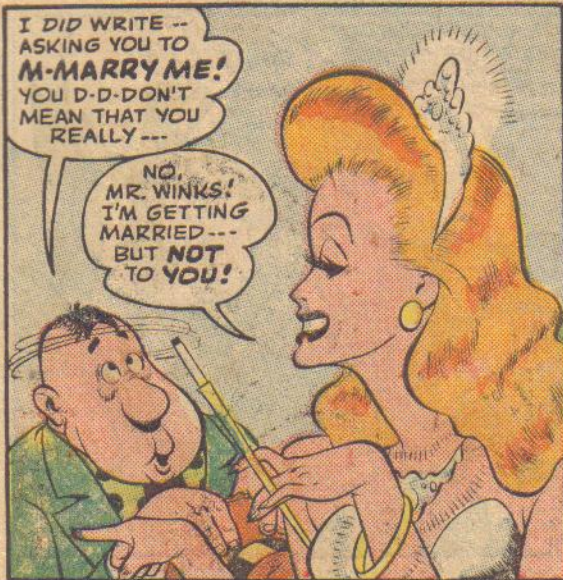


AN ARROW
THROUGH THE
HEART ... Does it
mean **LOVE** or
DEATH?

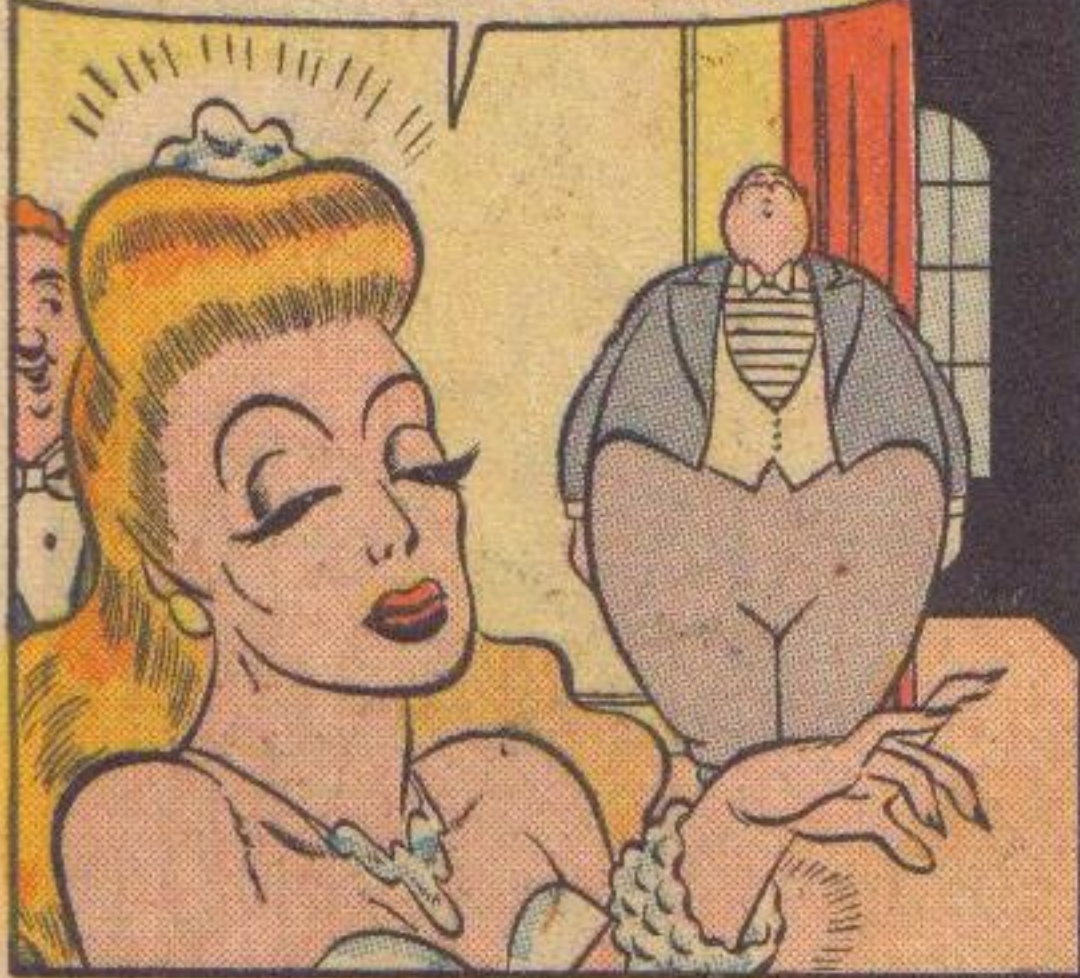
PLASTIC MAN learns the answer when he
starts to untangle the mystery of the
CUPID'S BOW MURDER!

POLICE COMICS





WE'LL HAVE A **CONTEST!** I'LL STAND HERE AND ALL YOU GENTLEMEN GO TO THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM!



THE FIRST OF YOU TO REACH ME MAY **KISS** THE BRIDE-TO-BE!
READY GO!

WHAT??



HUBBA-
HUBBA-
HUBBA!



HEY...

OHhhh! A THUNDERING HERD... OR IS IT A WOLF PACK?

GENTLEMEN, NOT SO VIOLENT A CHARGE! IT'S A RACE, NOT A **COMMANDO RAID!**

RRL MBLE!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BAM!



TAKE IT EASY, YOU!

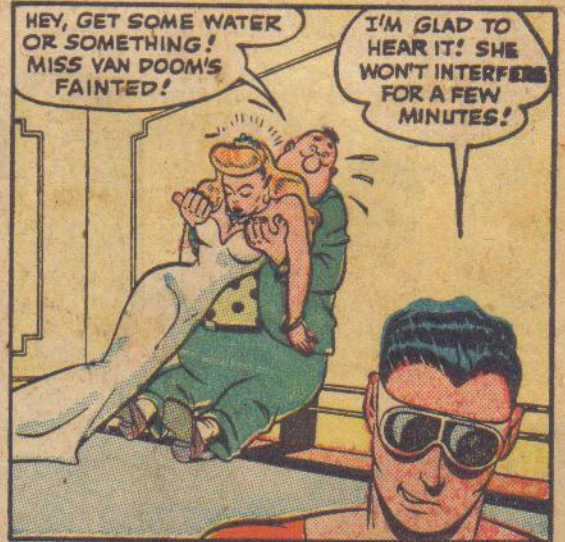
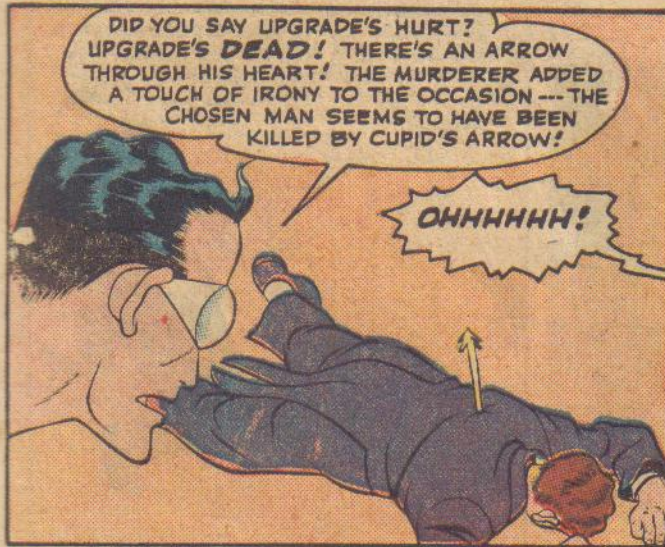
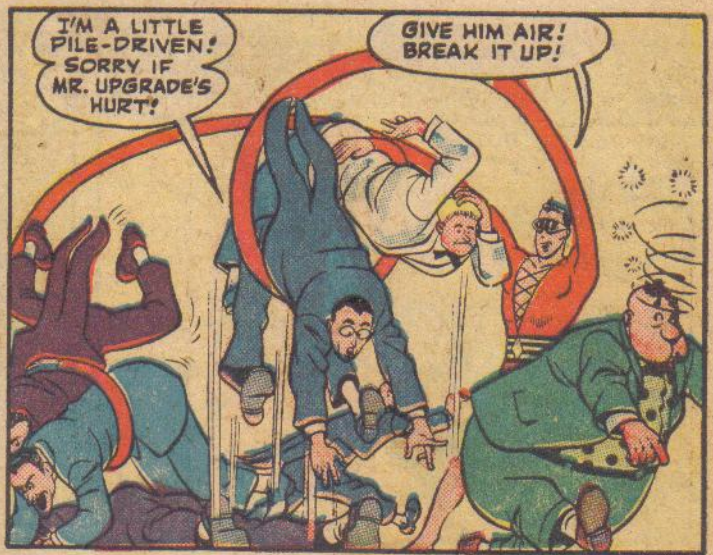
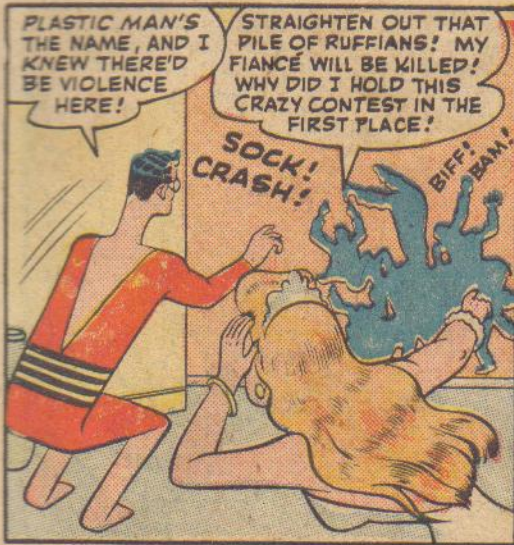
HELP! HELP!

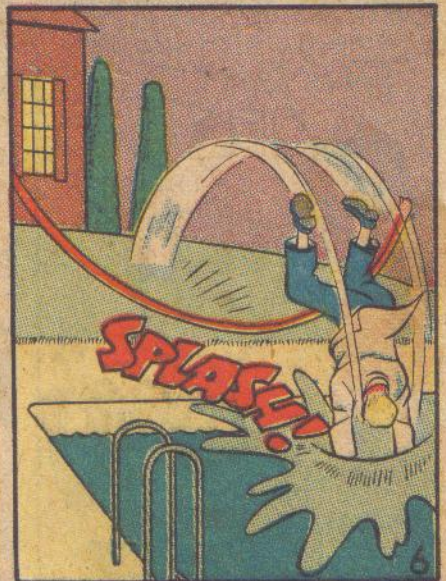
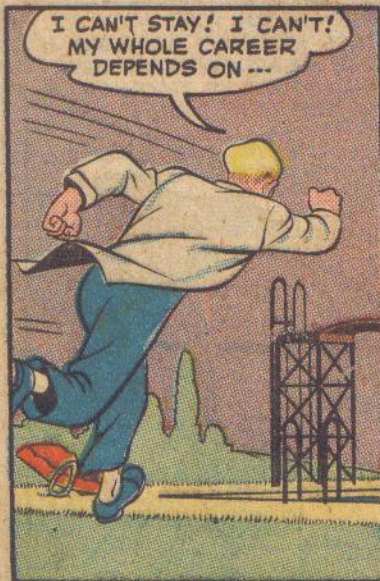
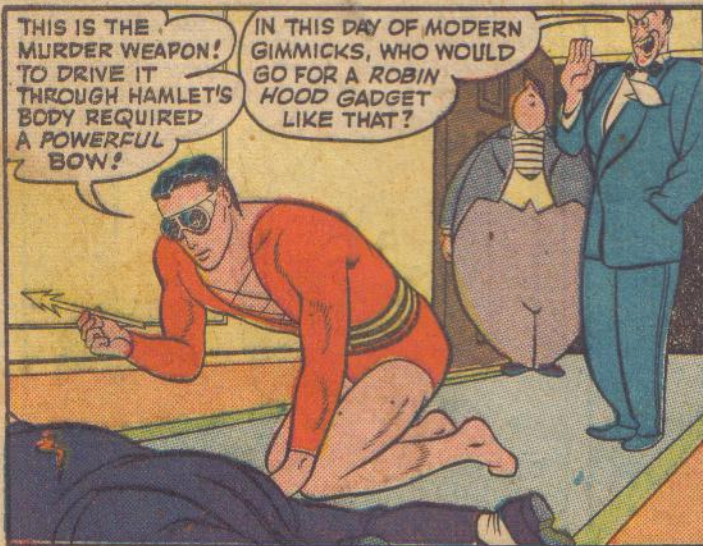
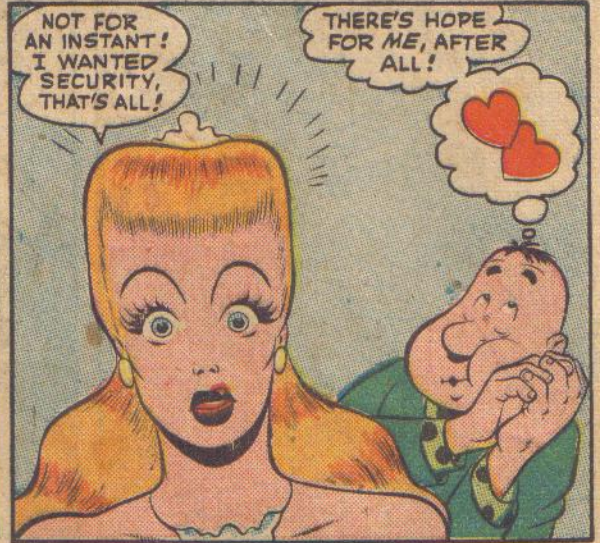
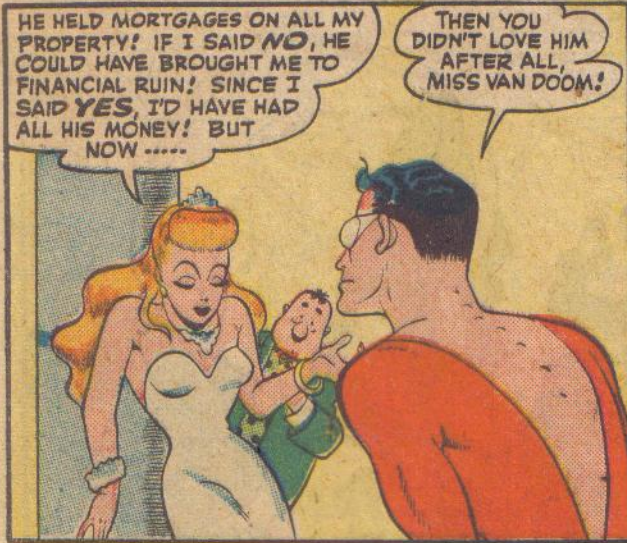


A TALKING CHAIR! I NEVER SAW IT BEFORE!

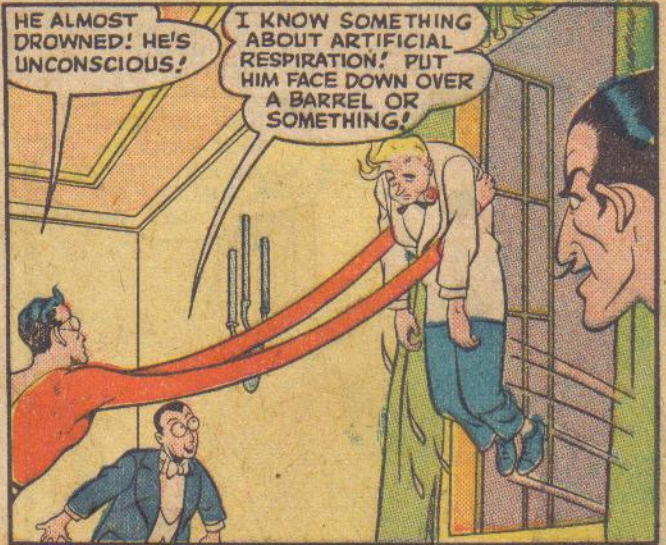
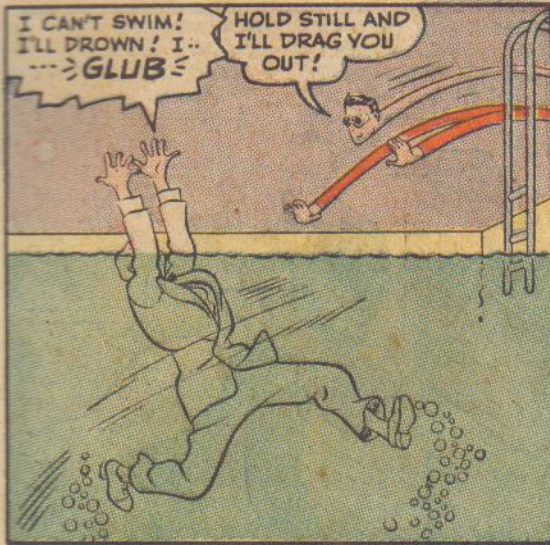
NO ... BECAUSE I JUST SNEAKED IN!



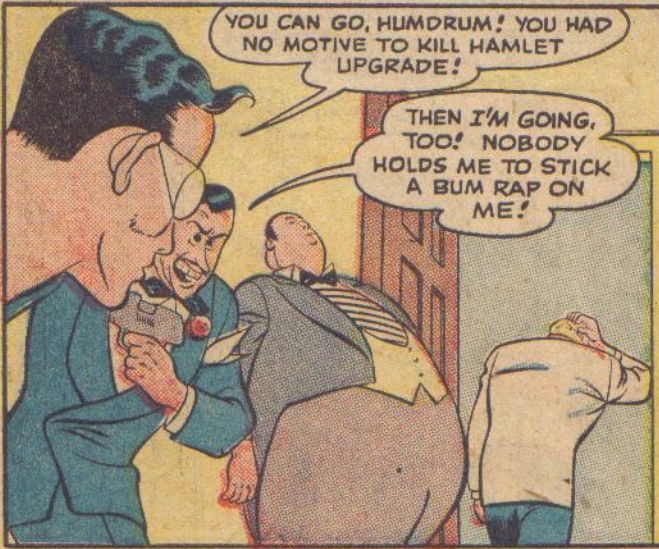


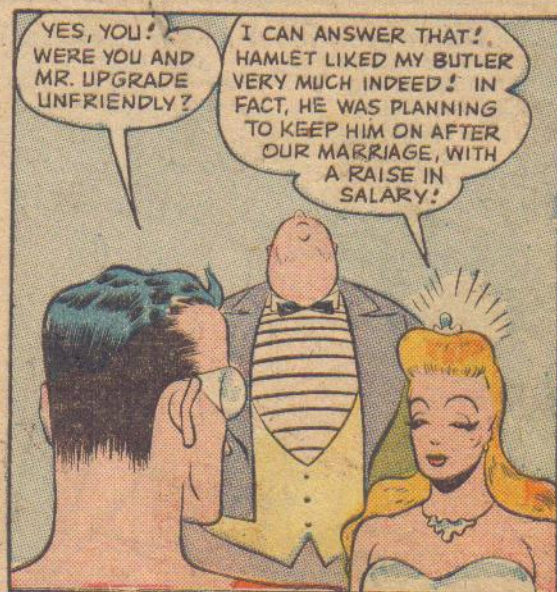
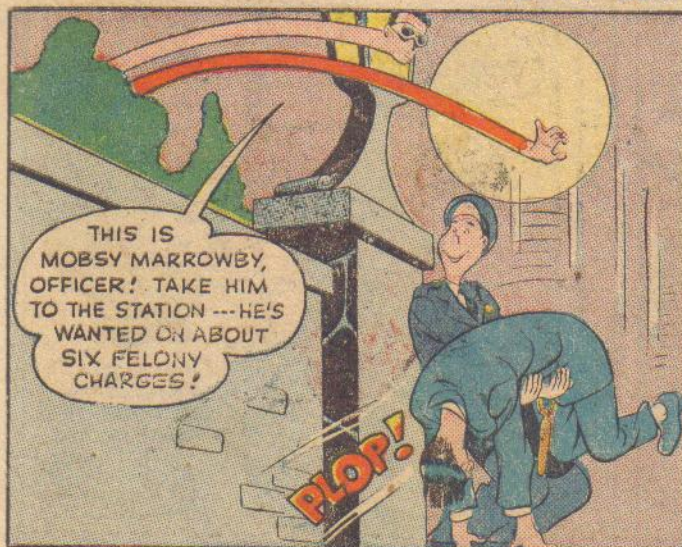


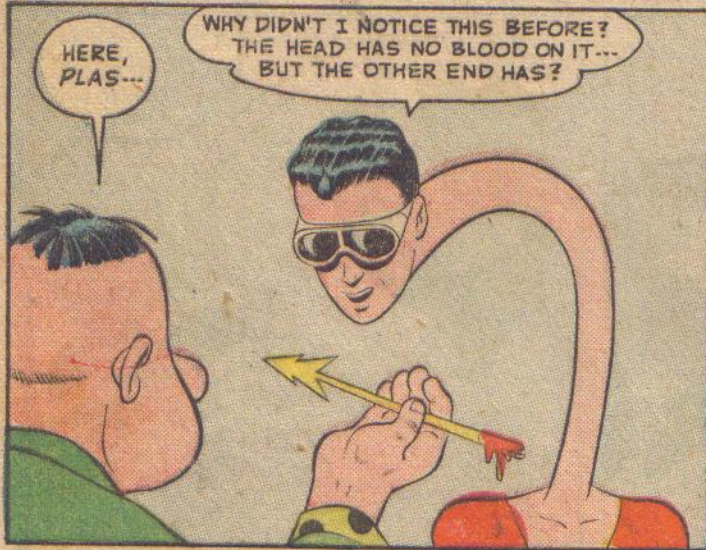
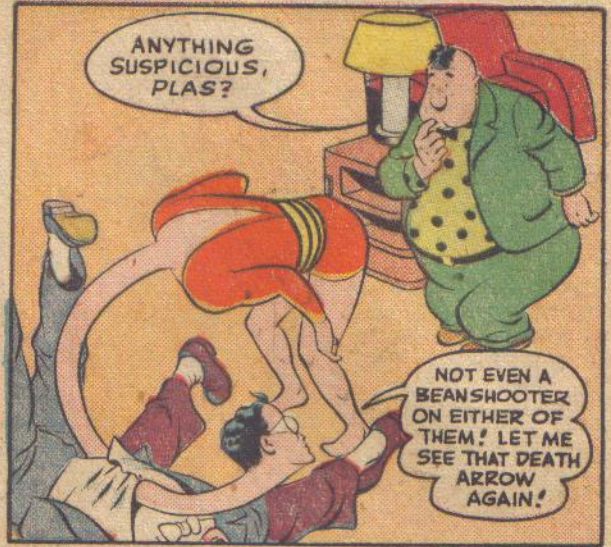
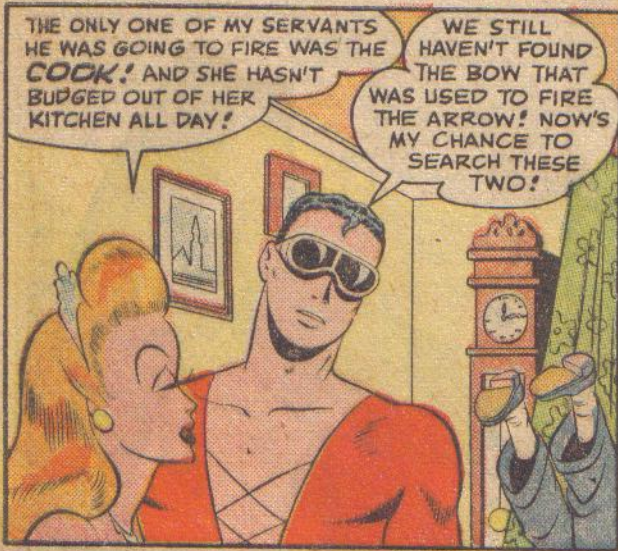
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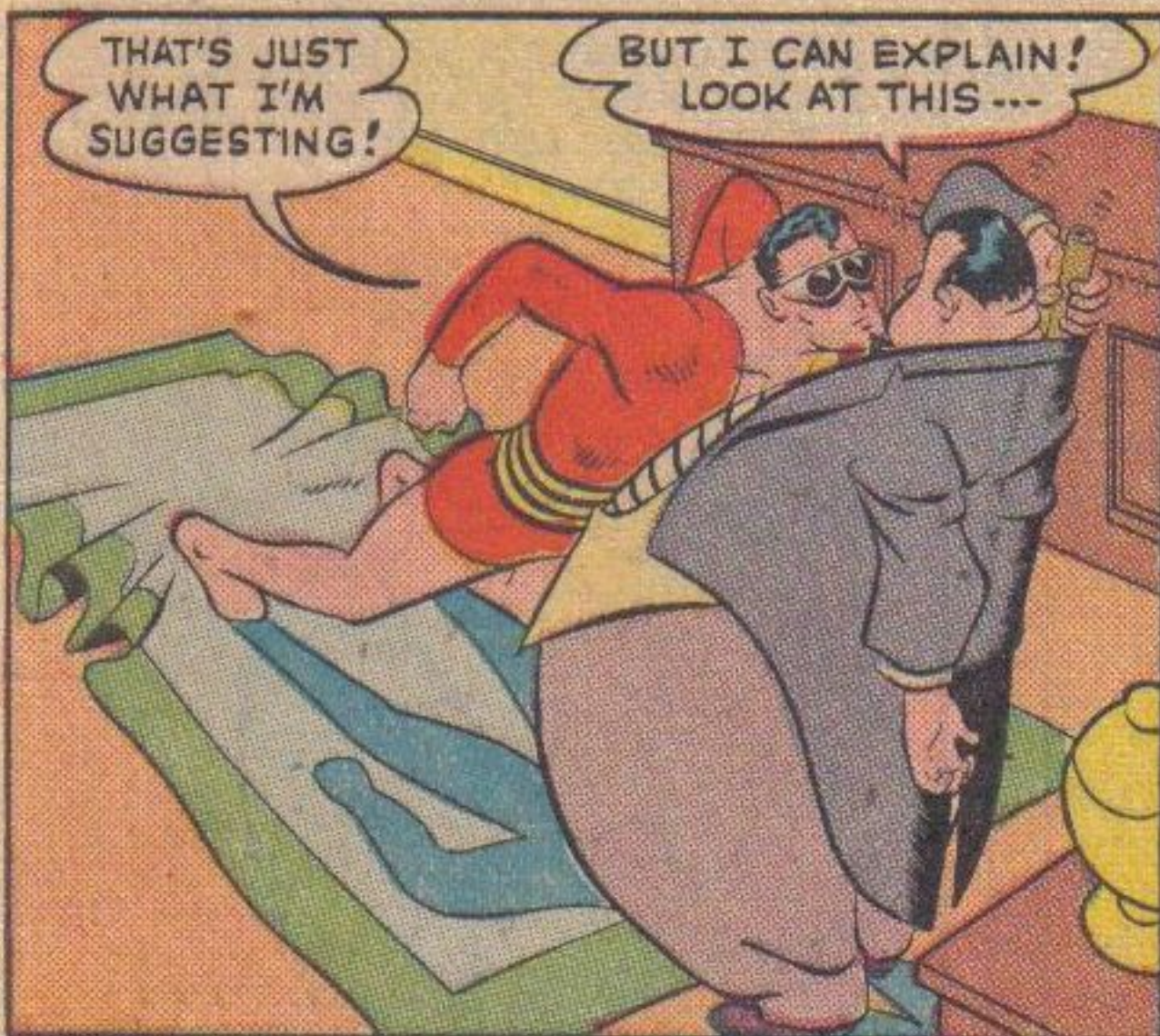
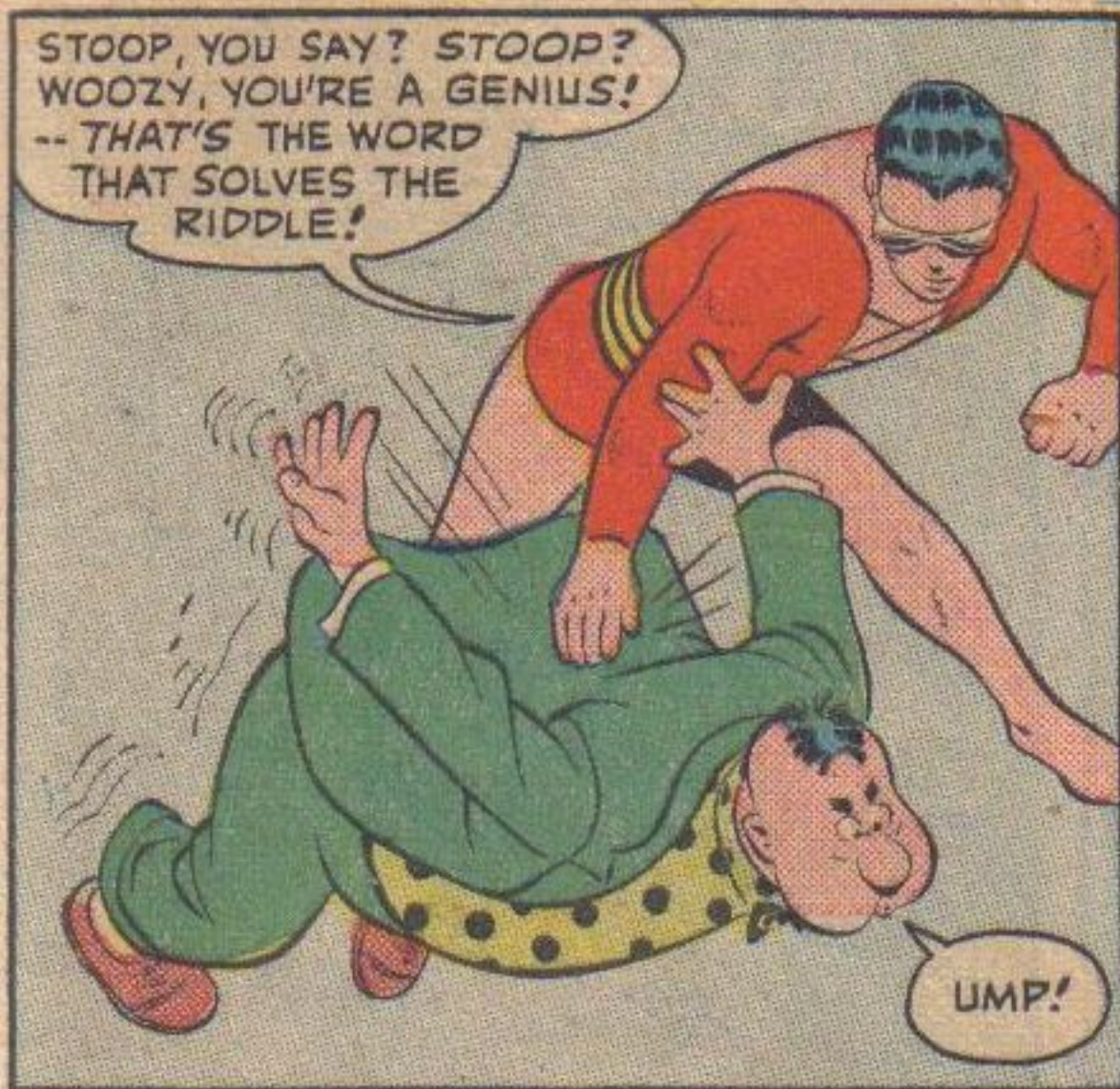


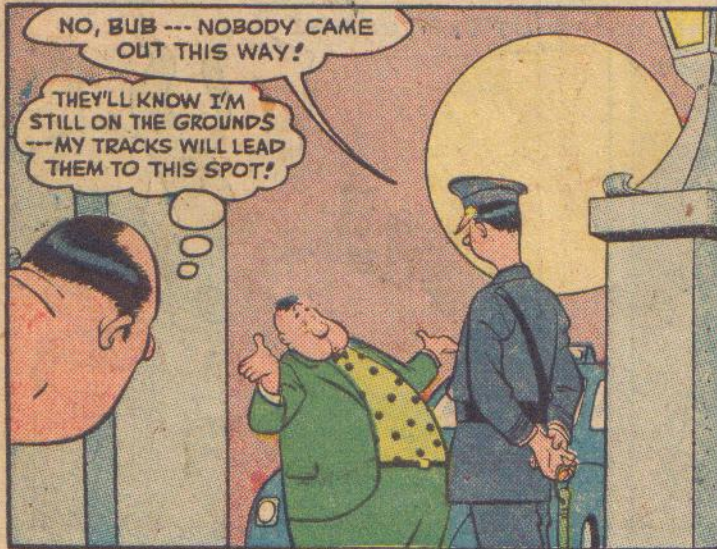
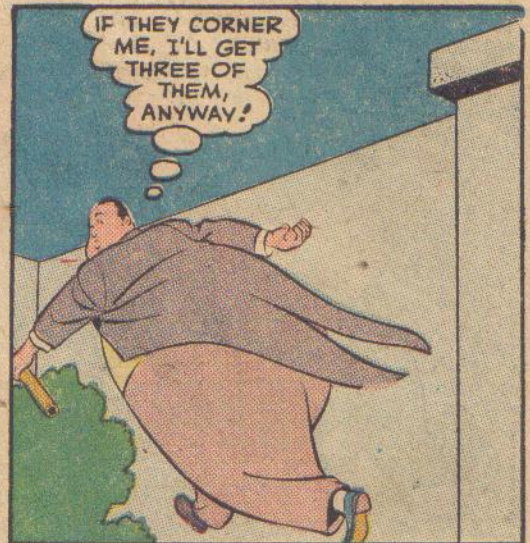
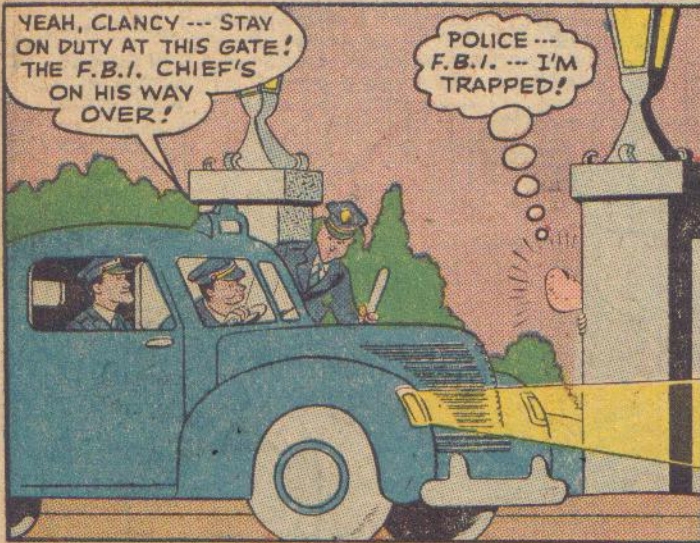
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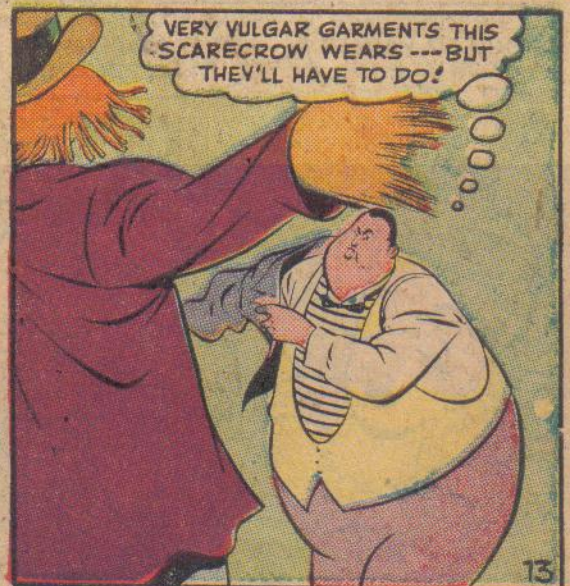
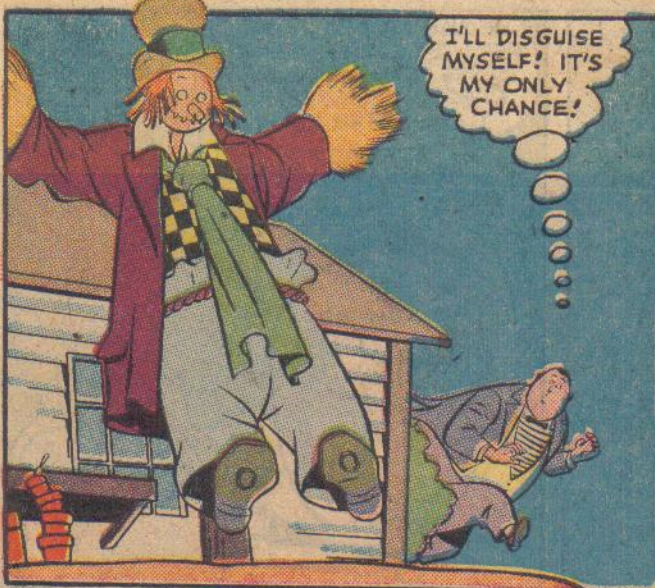
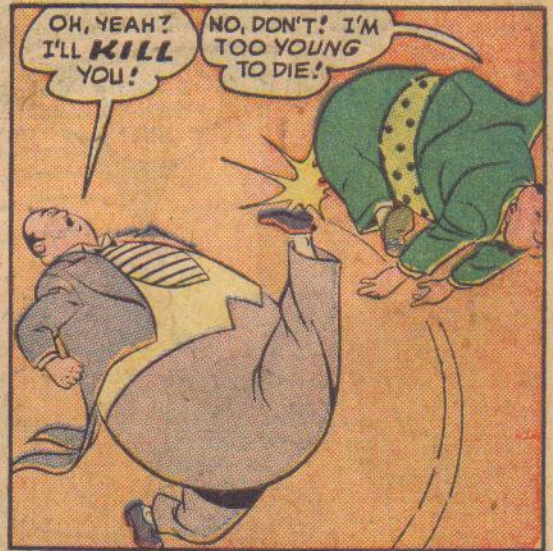
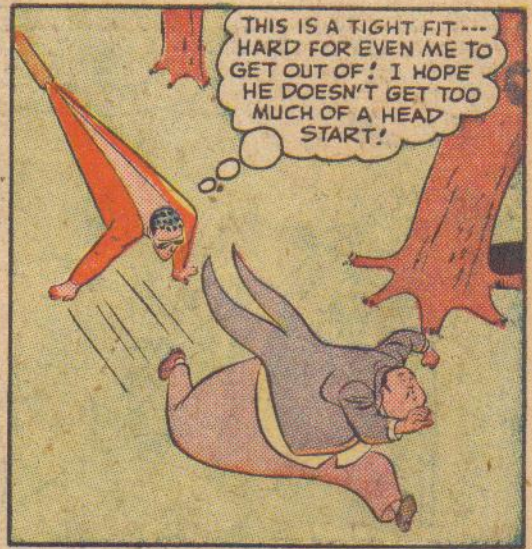


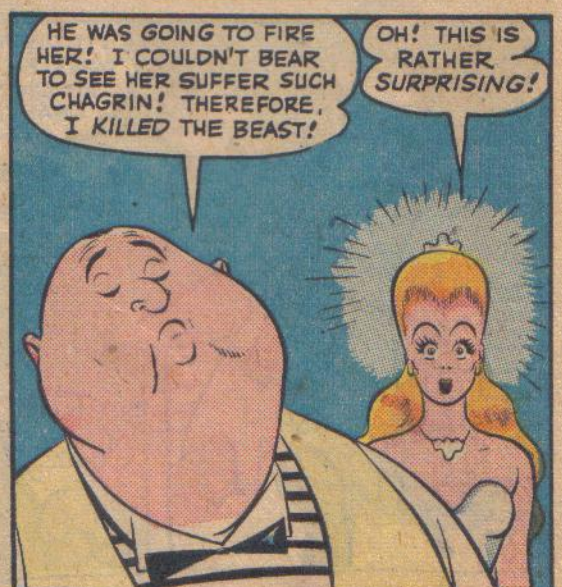
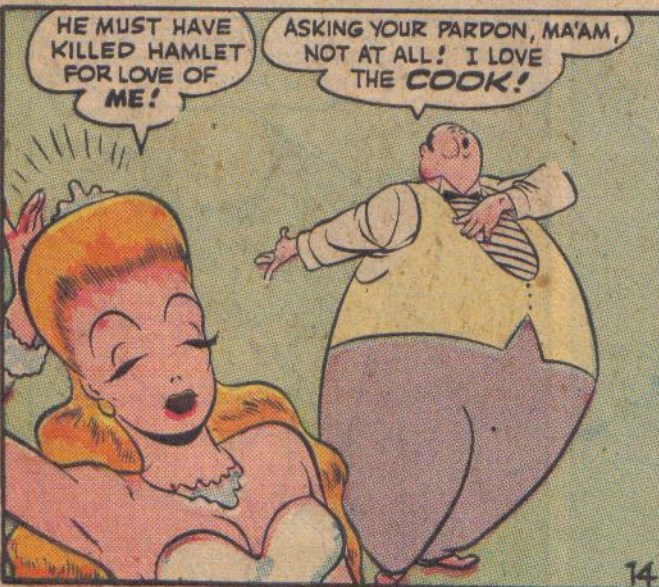
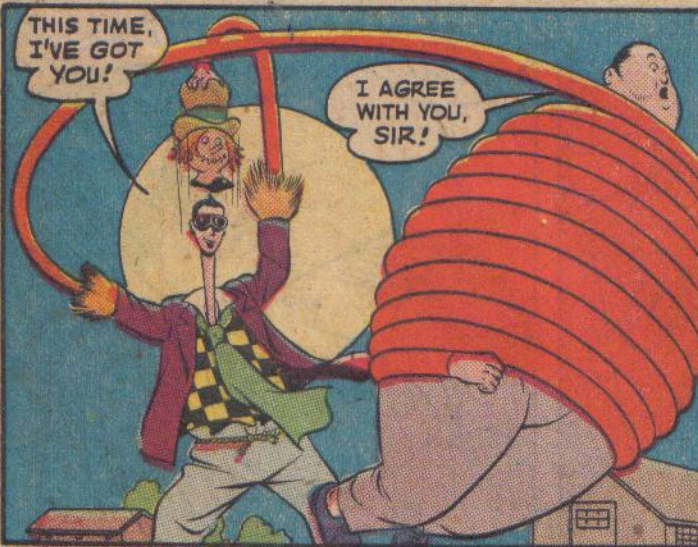


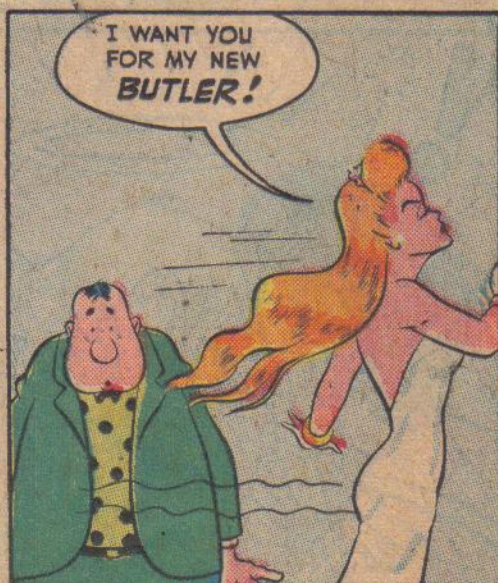
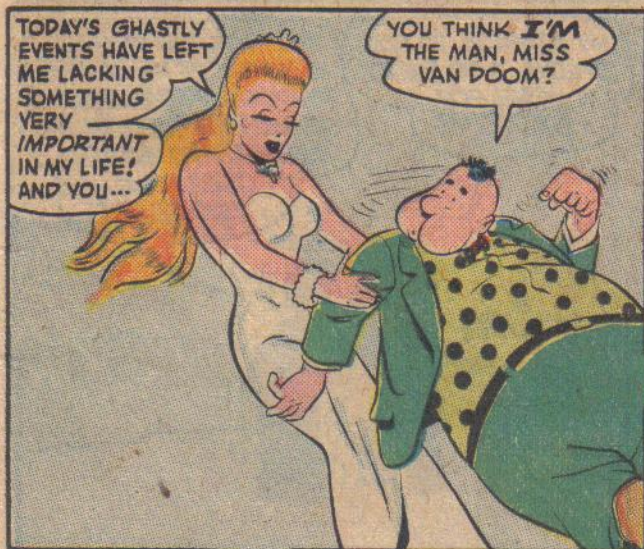
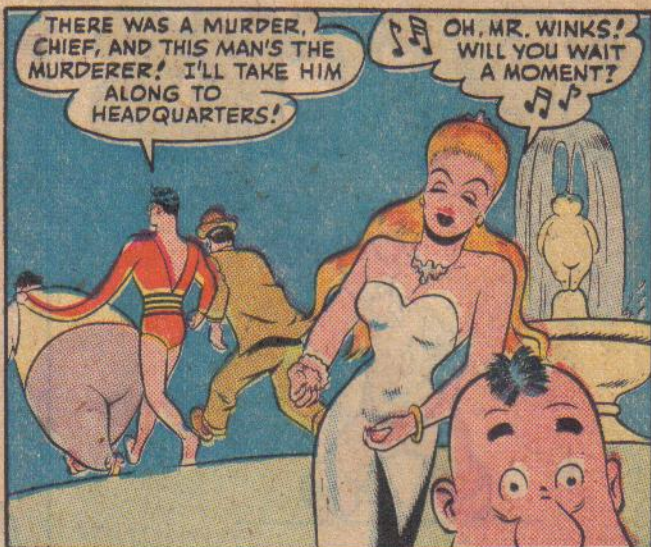




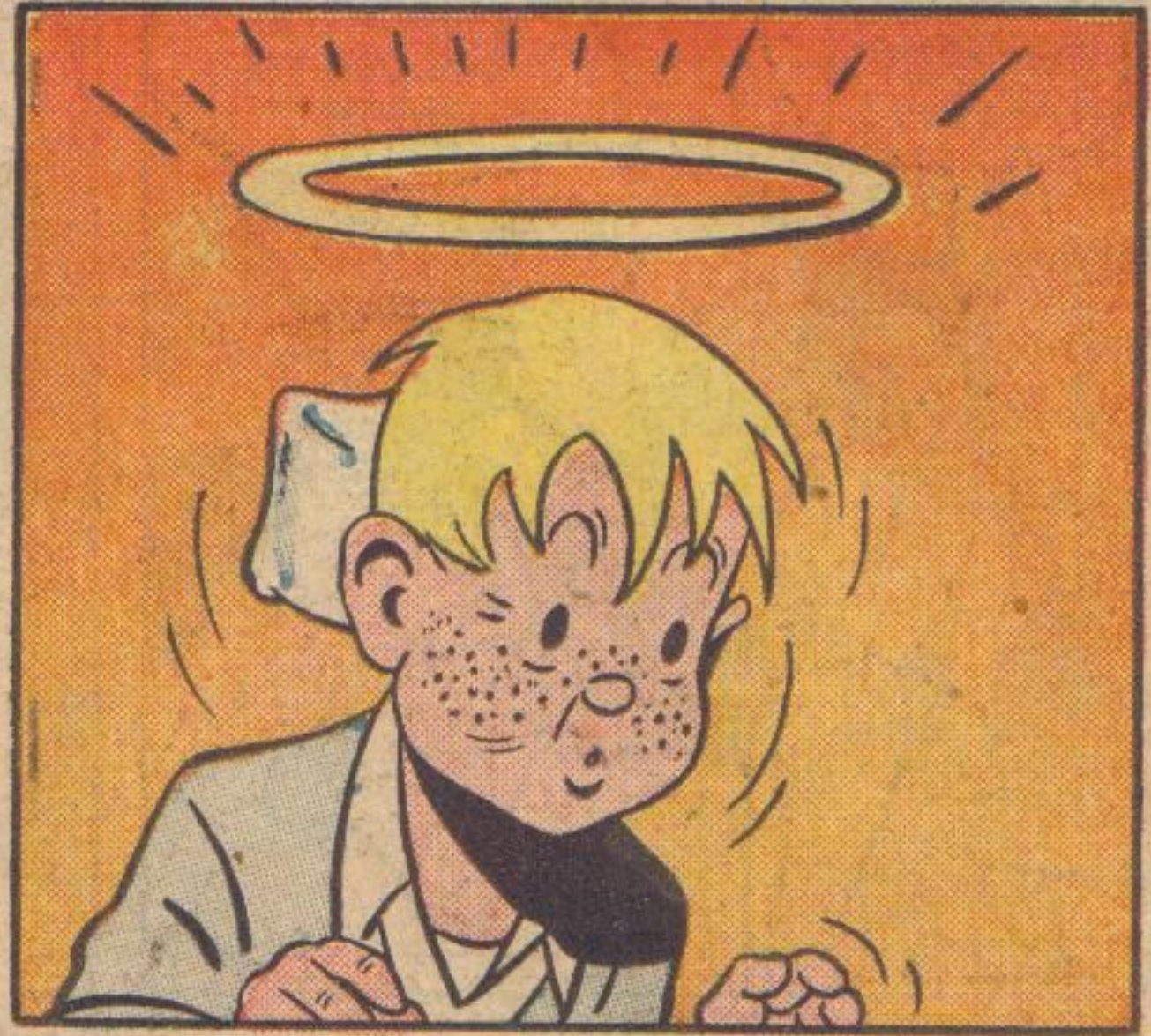


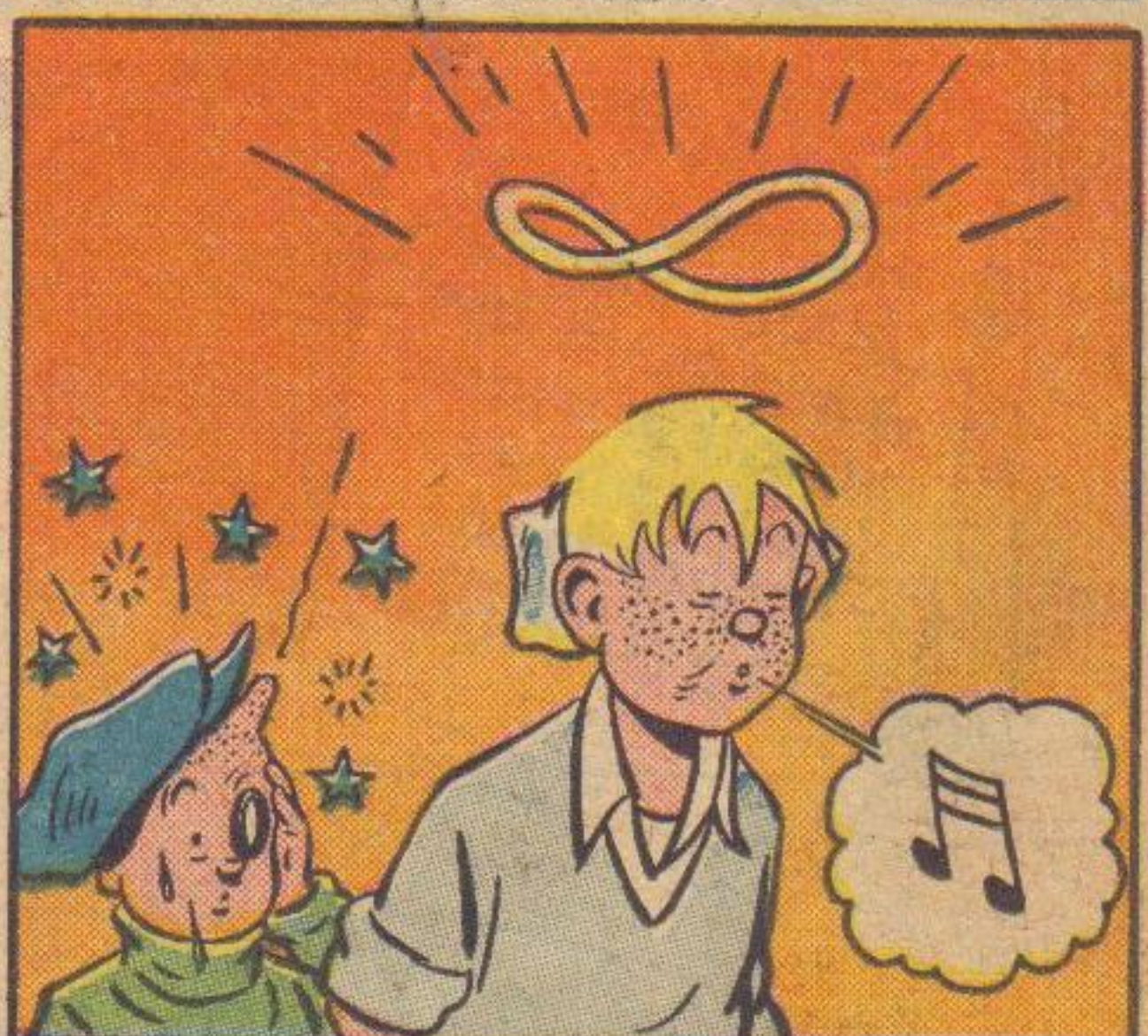
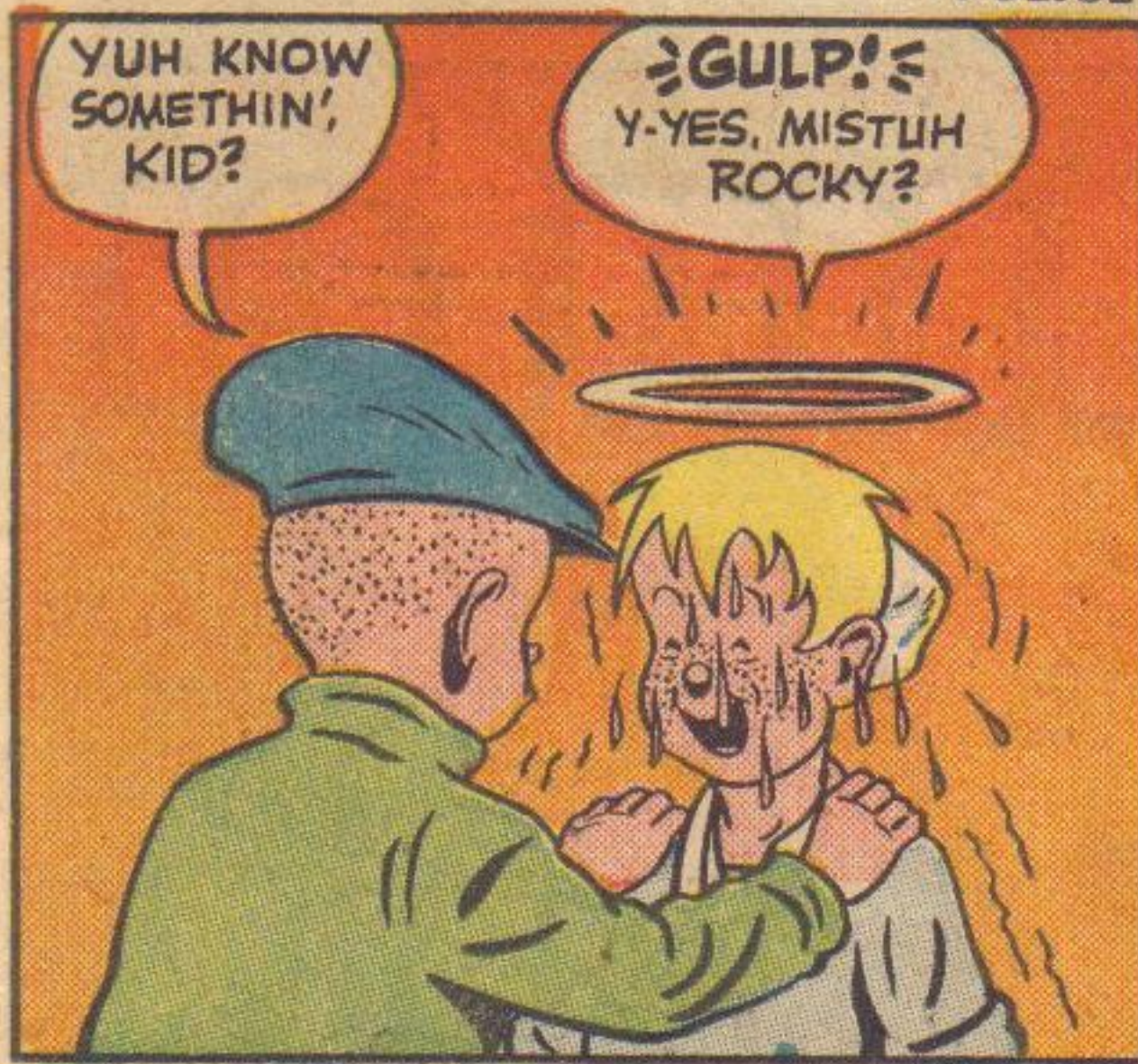






SPECKS

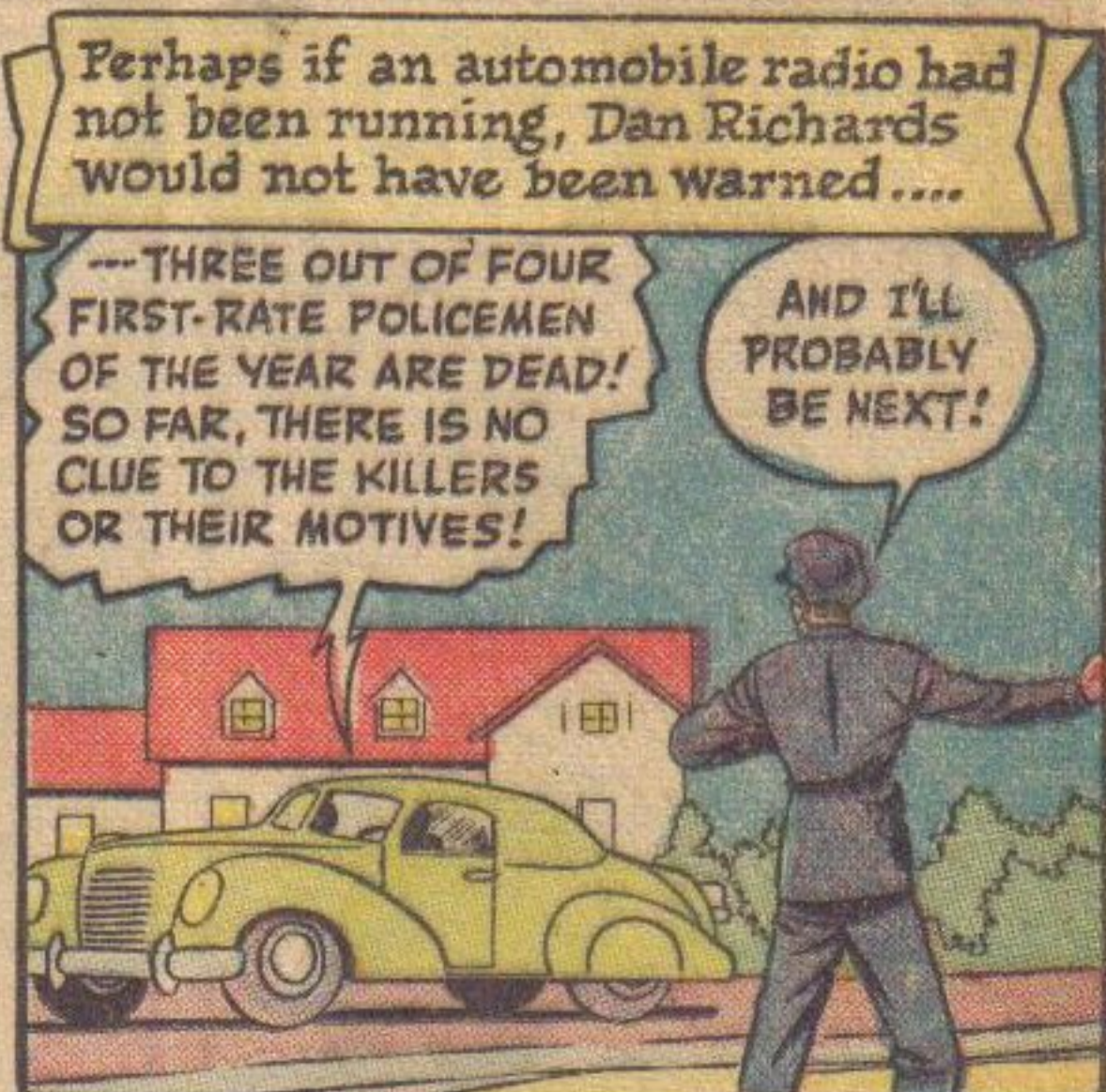




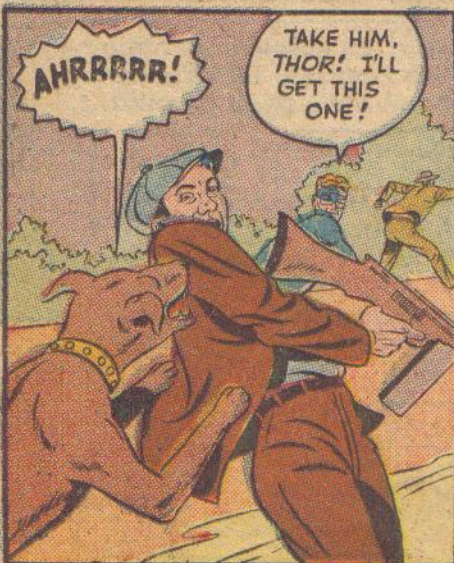
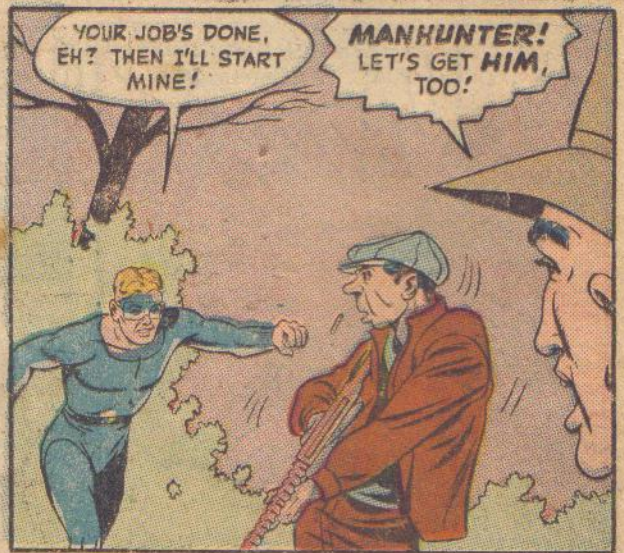
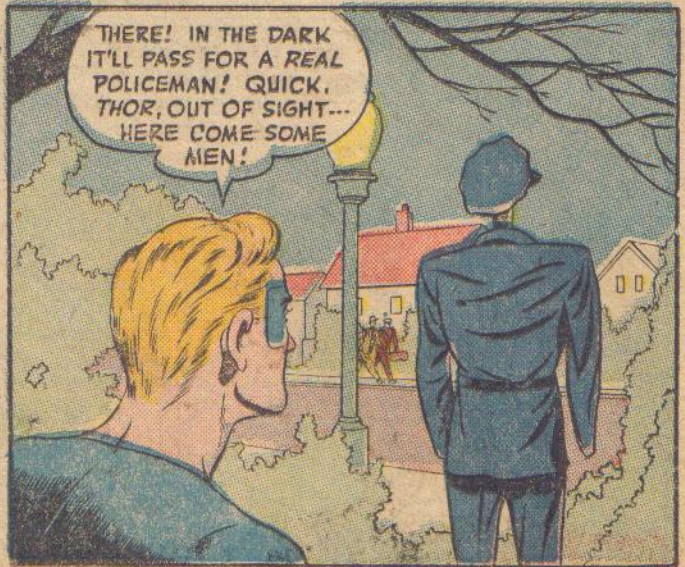
Manhunter



Thor
accompanies
Manhunter
once again in
pursuit of murder
and madness
as they tackle
The SNEER!

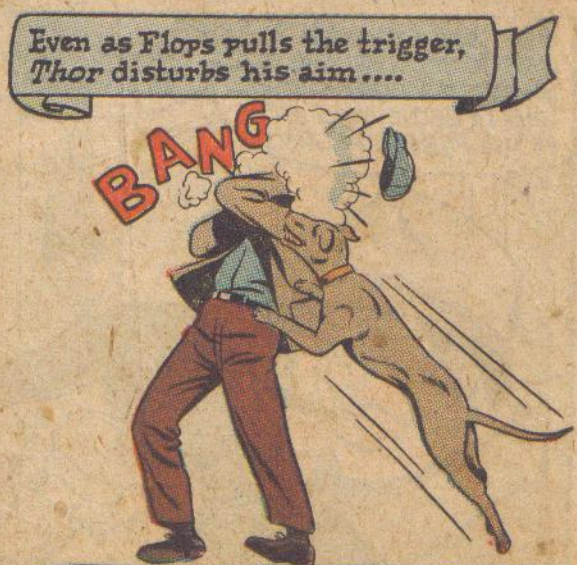


A hidden nook, a moment alone,
and Dan Richards becomes the
invincible **MANHUNTER**!

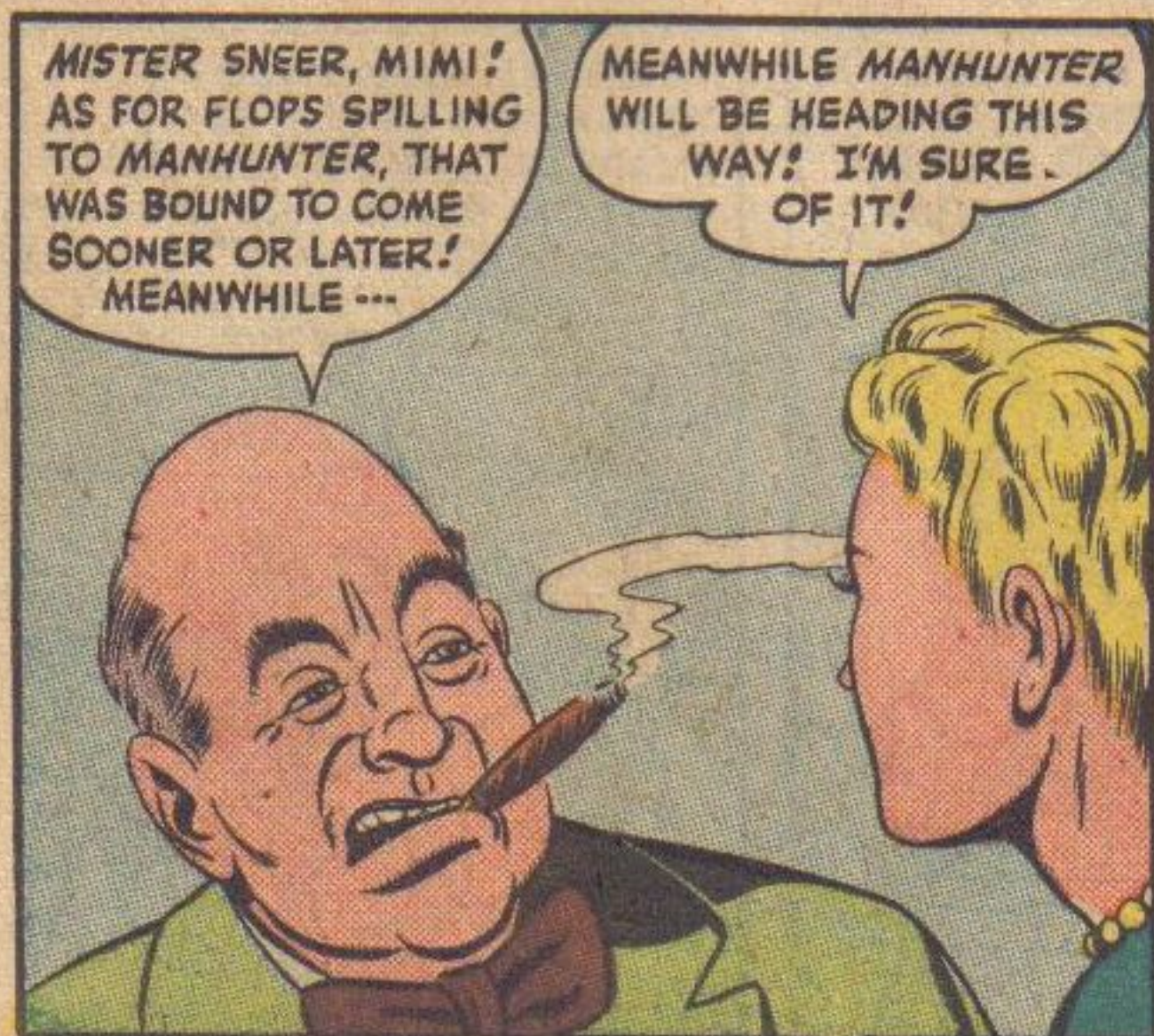
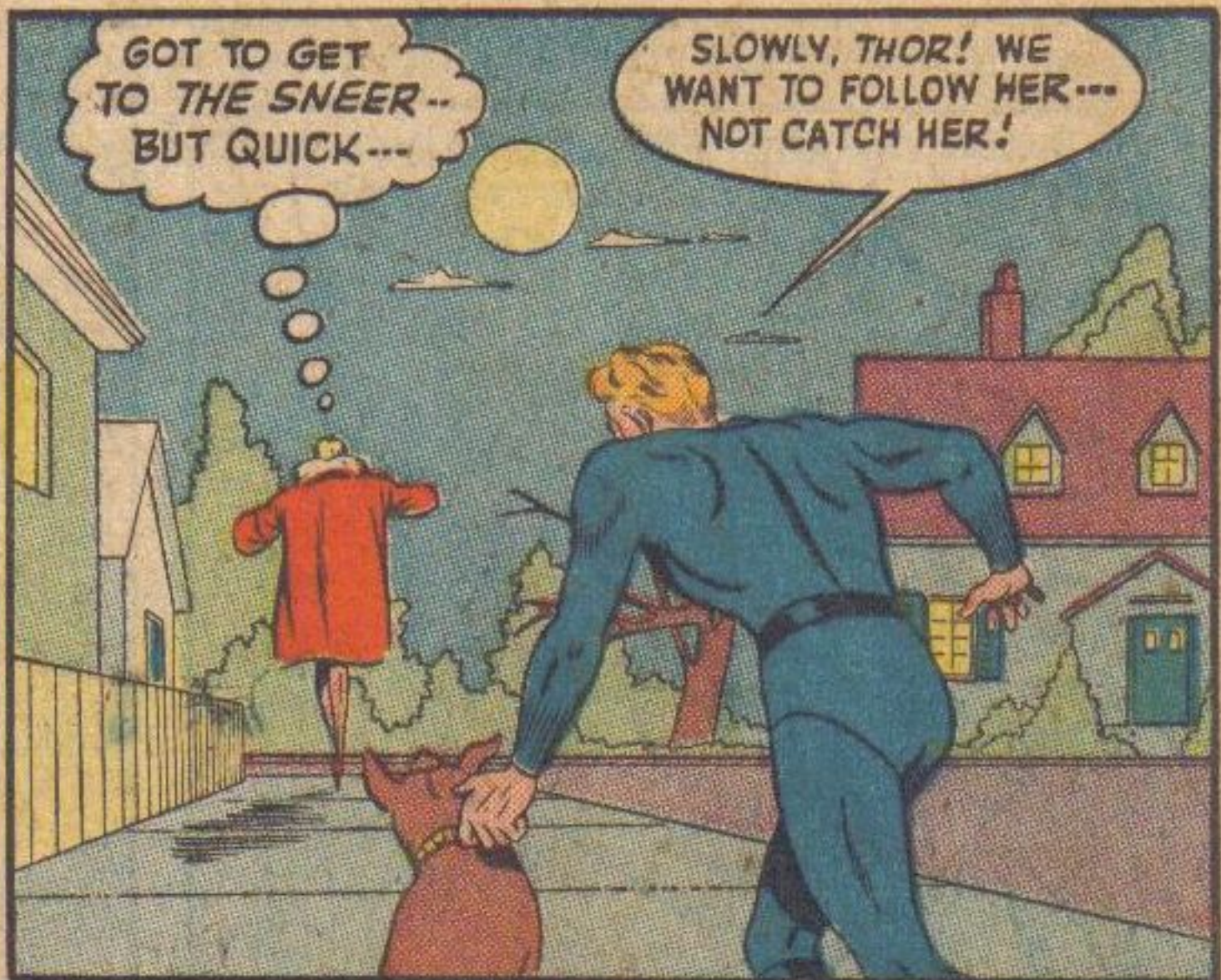




POLICE COMICS



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When THE SNEER has given his orders...

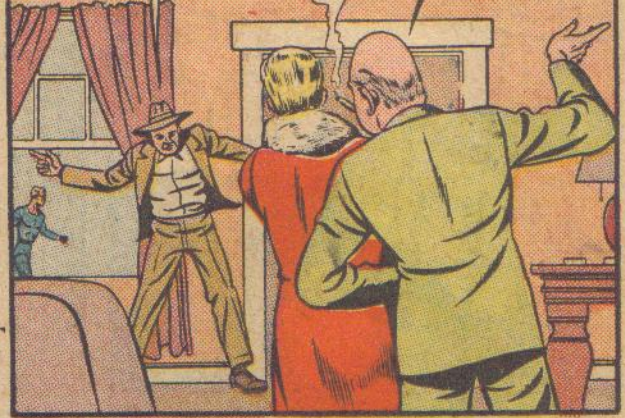
THEY'RE
ALL SET,
SNEER!

MISTER SNEER, PLEASE!
NOW, WATCH OUTSIDE FOR
MANHUNTER! HE SHOULD
BE ARRIVING ANY
MOMENT!



HERE
HE COMES,
SN...
MR. SNEER!

EXCELLENT!
STEP THIS WAY,
MIMI!

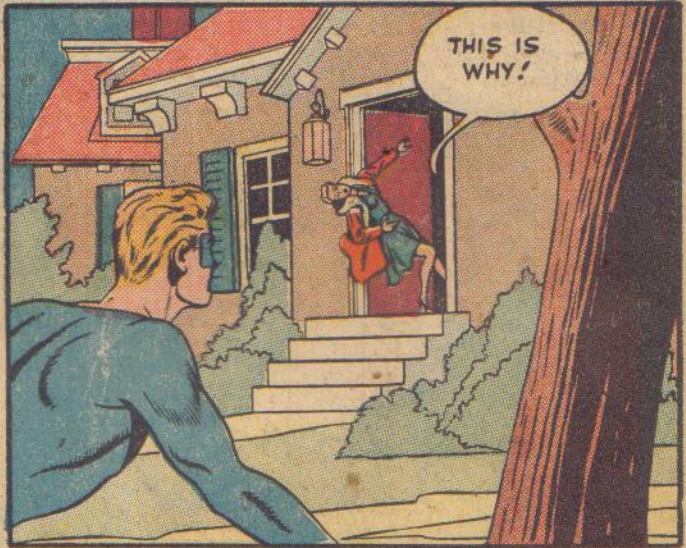


OPEN
THE
DOOR!

SURE, IF YOU SAY
SO! BUT WHY...



THIS IS
WHY!



WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU?

NOW...
WHILE HE'S
OFF GUARD...
GET HIM!



SHALL
WE
KILL ...

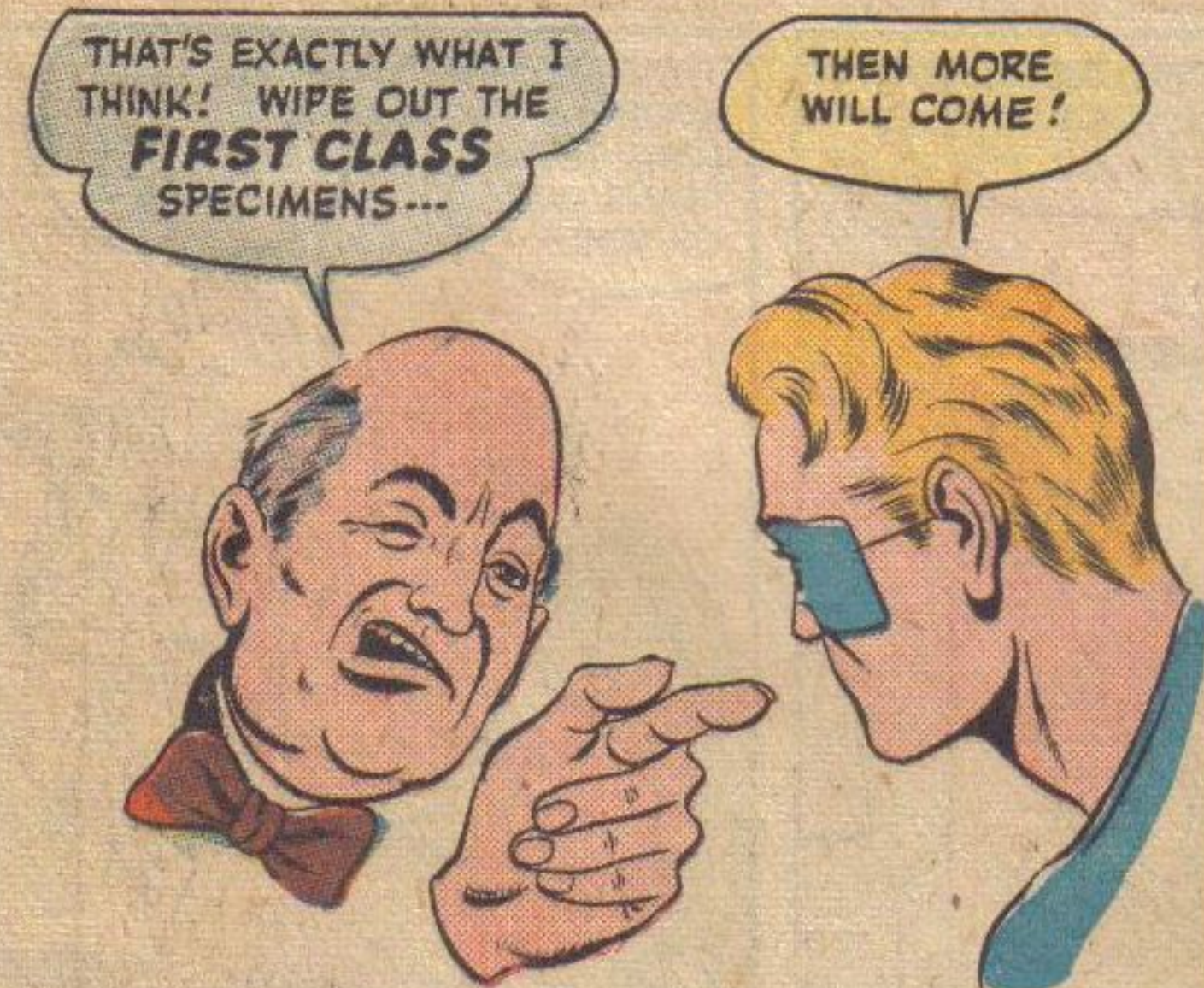
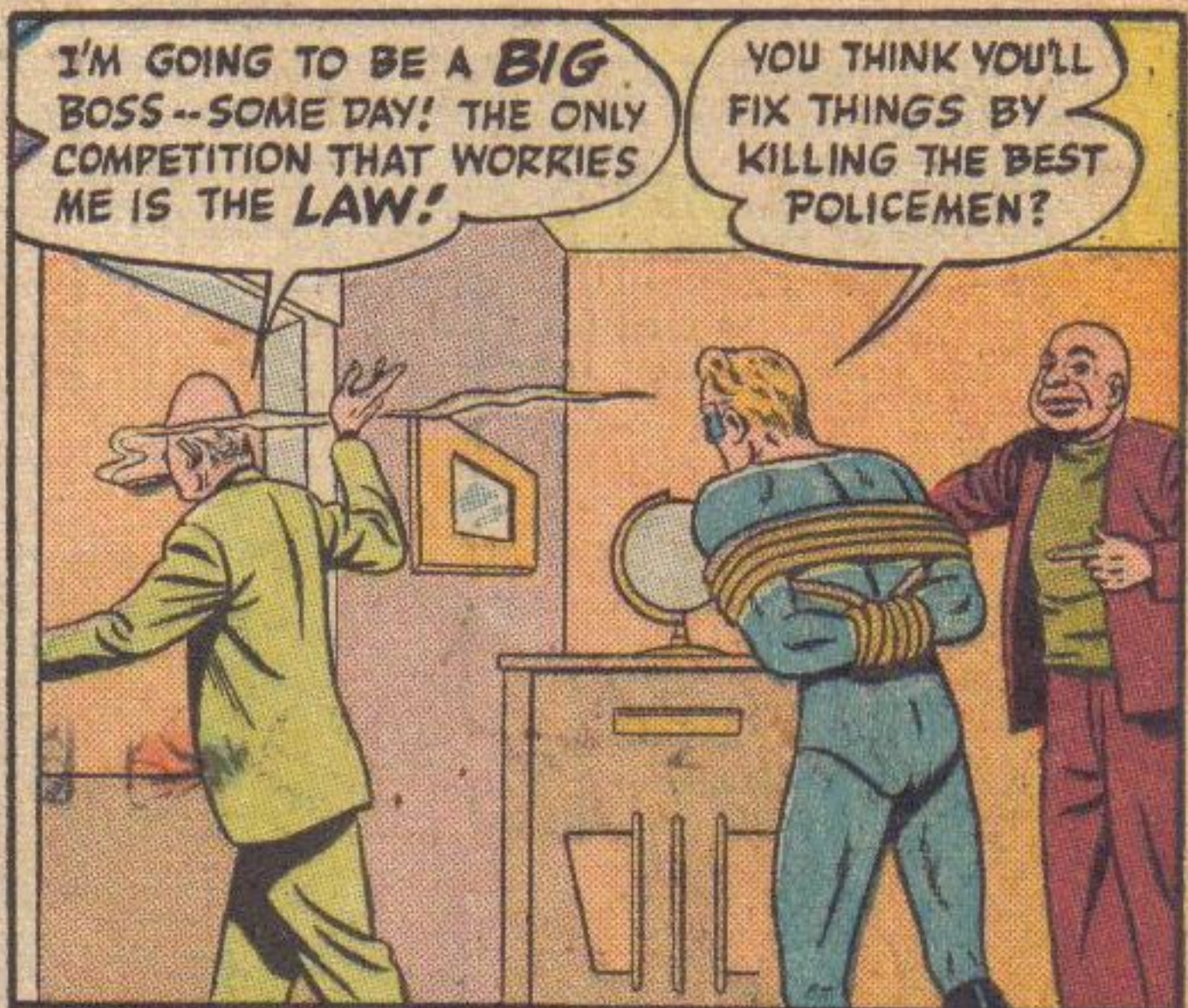
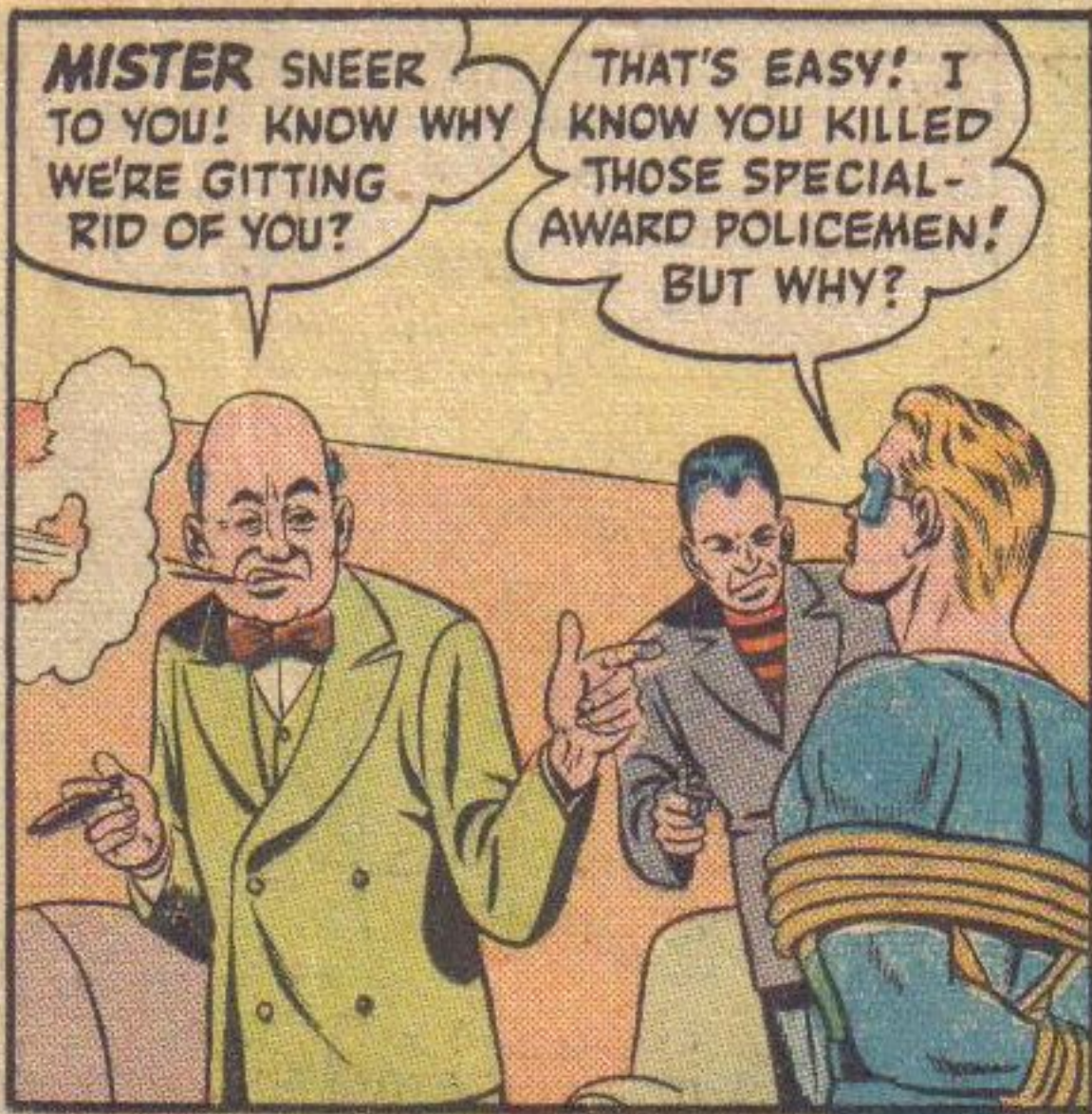
NOT OUT 'IN
PUBLIC, YOU
FOOL! BRING
HIM INSIDE!

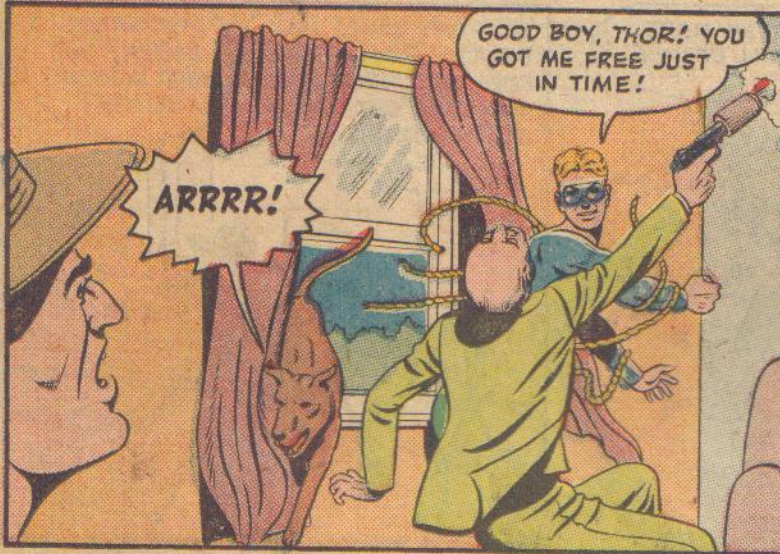
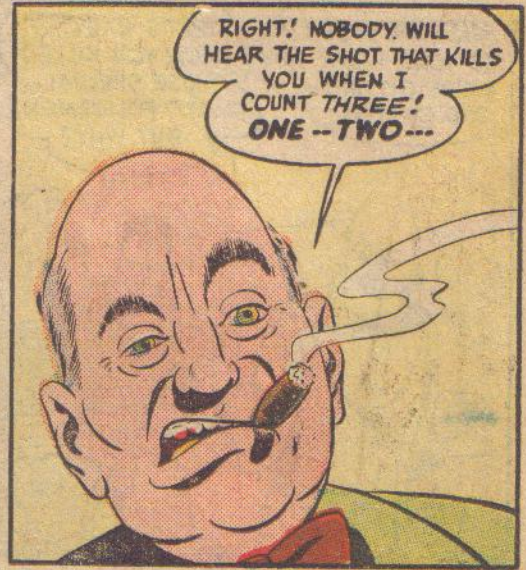
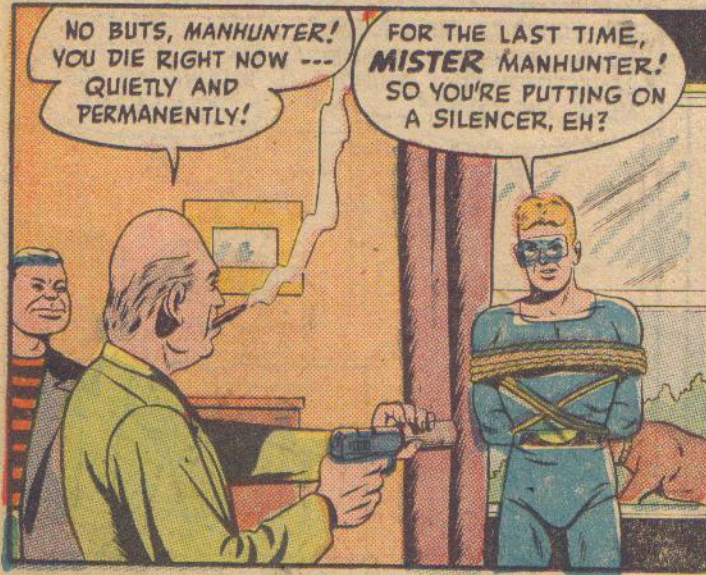


WEAKNESS, MANHUNTER--
YOU SHOWED WEAKNESS!
A LADY IN DISTRESS, YOU
WENT OFF GUARD, AND
WE GOT YOU!

YOU MUST
BE THE GUY
THEY CALL
SNEER!





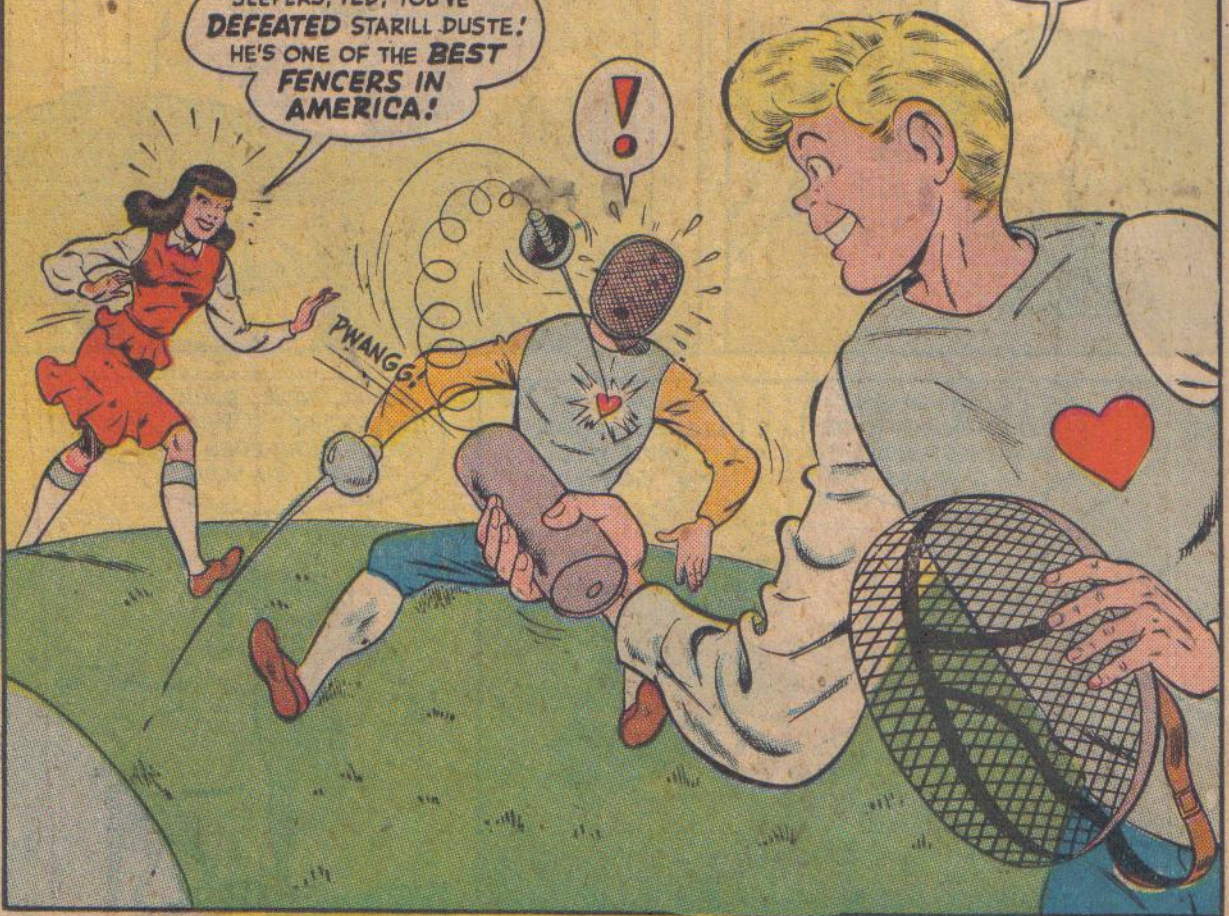




CANDY

JEEPERS, TED, YOU'VE
DEFEATED STARILL DUSTE!
HE'S ONE OF THE **BEST**
FENCERS IN
AMERICA!

NOTHING
TO IT, CANDY!
JET
PROPULSION
DID THE
TRICK!



OH, GOLLY GEE, I CAN HARDLY WAIT UNTIL
TONIGHT! THE THREE MUSKETEERS WERE SO
DASHINGLY ROMANTIC!
THEY WERE **PERFECT!**

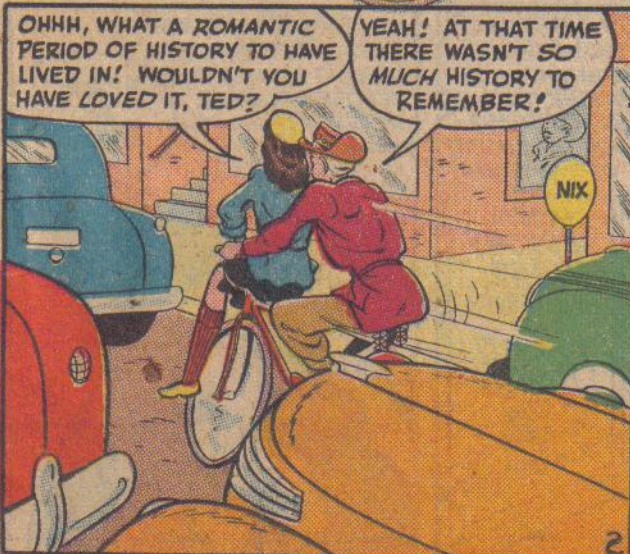
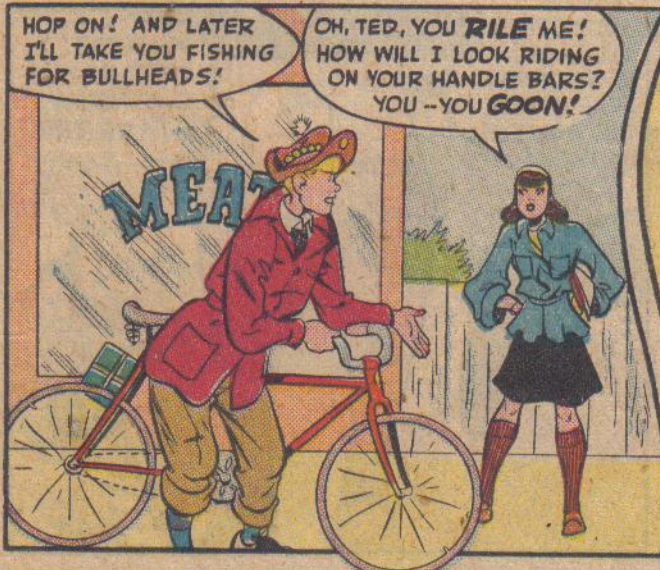
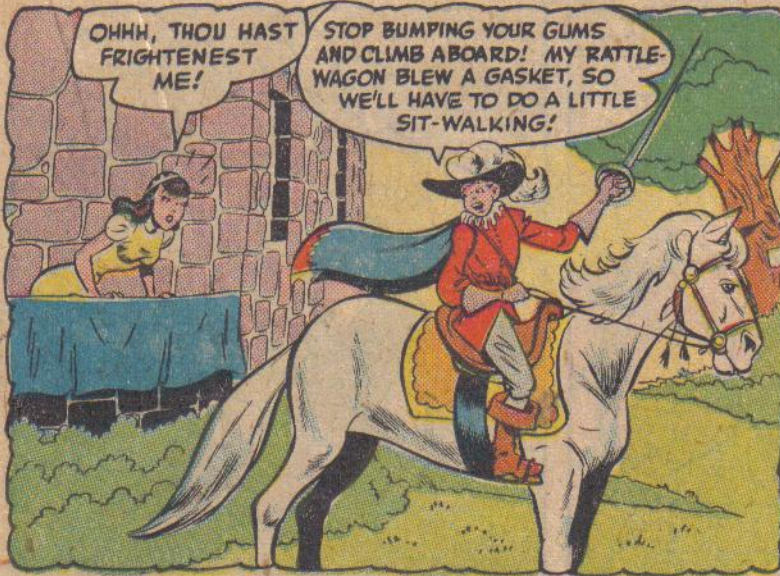


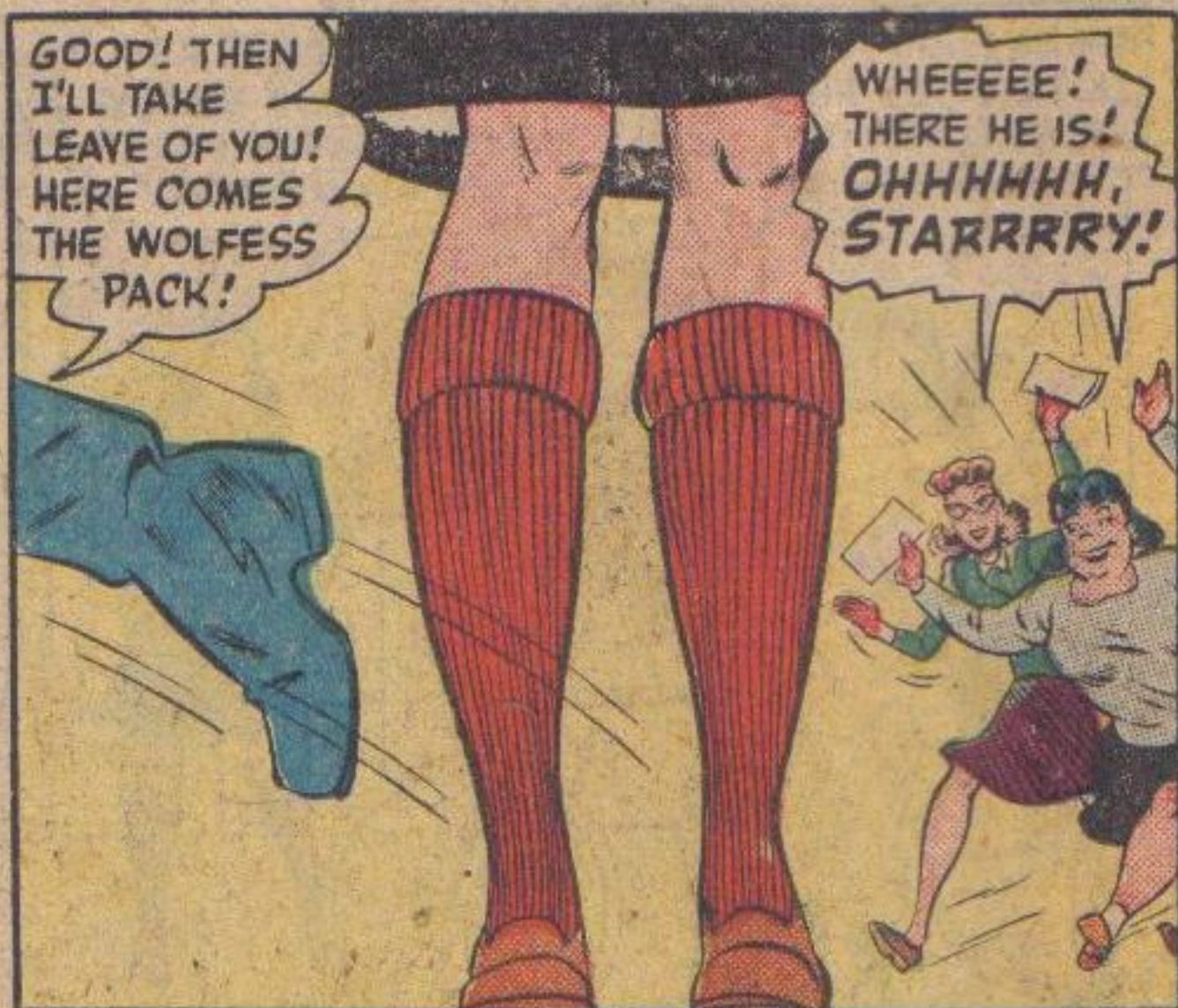
"She stood waiting...waiting for
the gallant and noble swain!"

THEY WERE SUCH
GENTLEMEN! I KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT
HE WOULD
SAY!

HEY, PIGEON,
DRAG THE FRAME
OR WE'LL BOTH
GET FRIED!







SPECIAL
HISTORY
CLASS
ON SATURDAY
AND
Starill
Duste
IN "THE
THREE
MUSKETEERS"

CHIVALRY IS **NOT** DEAD, BUT YOU'RE TRYING HARD TO **KILL** IT! IF YOU'D ONLY REALIZE -- THOSE BRAVE FLYERS, WHO SOARED HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS, TURNED THE TIDE OF WAR AGAINST THE JAPANESE AT THE BATTLE OF THE CORAL SEA!

GULP!

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS PRINGLE, BUT MOST EMINENT AUTHORITIES AGREE THAT THE TIDE WAS TURNED AT THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY, AND NOT BY HIGH LEVEL BOMBERS BUT BY **DIVE AND TORPEDO BOMBERS!**

UH--ER--
HEH HEH!

HE'S AN ALL RIGHT JOE! HE SURE TOLD OFF THAT OLD BATTLE AXE! SHE LOOKS AS IF SHE'S LOST HER RUDDER!

ER -- UH--UH--
I'LL PASS OUT THESE BOOKS AND THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TODAY!

THAT IS ALL, EXCEPT ---
MR. DUSTE'S LITTLE RECITATION SHOWS HOW MUCH A BRIGHT YOUNG FELLOW CAN LEARN BY KEEPING HIS EYES OPEN! YOU ALL MIGHT WELL FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE!

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO--
PATTERN MYSELF AFTER THAT CREEP IN THE FANCY SHIRT? DID HE STOP INTO SCHOOL FOR THE DAY TO LEARN SOMETHING OR TO SHOOT OFF HIS MOUTH?

YOU SEEM TO HAVE CHANGED YOUR MIND! I HOPE YOU THREW THE OLD ONE AWAY!

WHY, ALL THAT PRIMP CAN DO IS FLOUNCE AROUND IN FRONT OF A ROW OF FOOTLIGHTS!

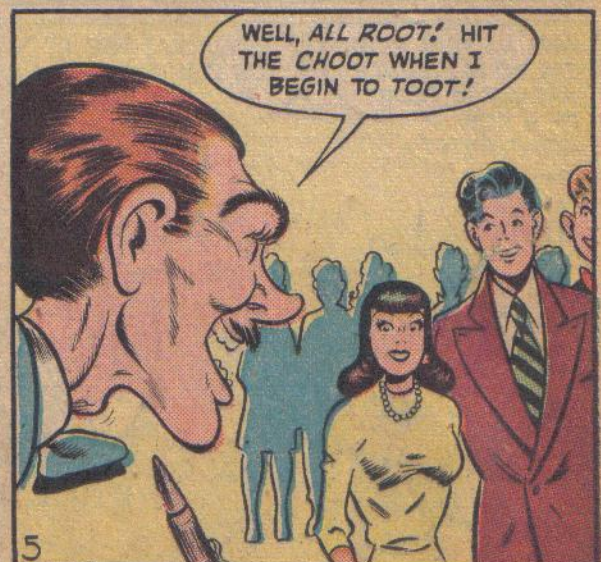
HEY, YOU! SEE IF YOU CAN TOSS THE BALL THIS FAR!

GLADLY!

OH, ISN'T HE JUST THE BLUEPRINT FOR PERFECTION?

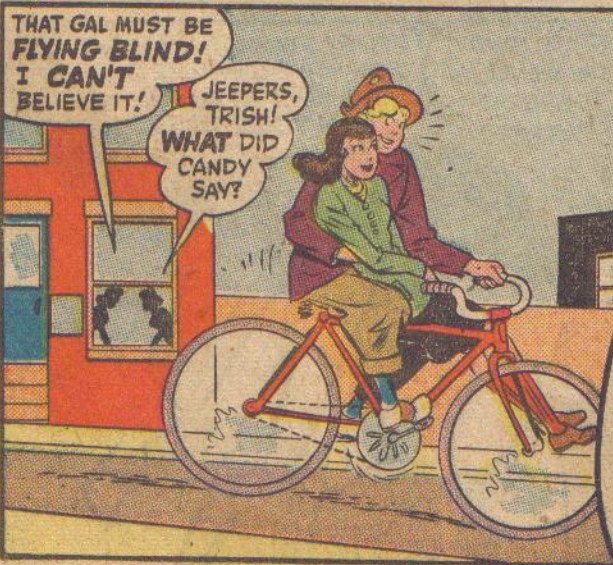
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HONEYBUN



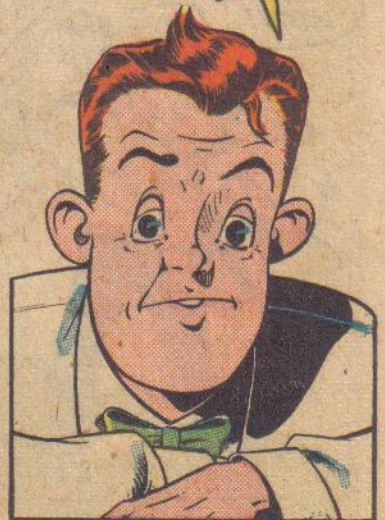
Morning... for everyone but Honeybun, who doesn't thaw out until ten-thirty!



HUDDYBUD, I WISH YOU'D WAKE UP WUD MORNIN' B'FO' BREA'FAST!



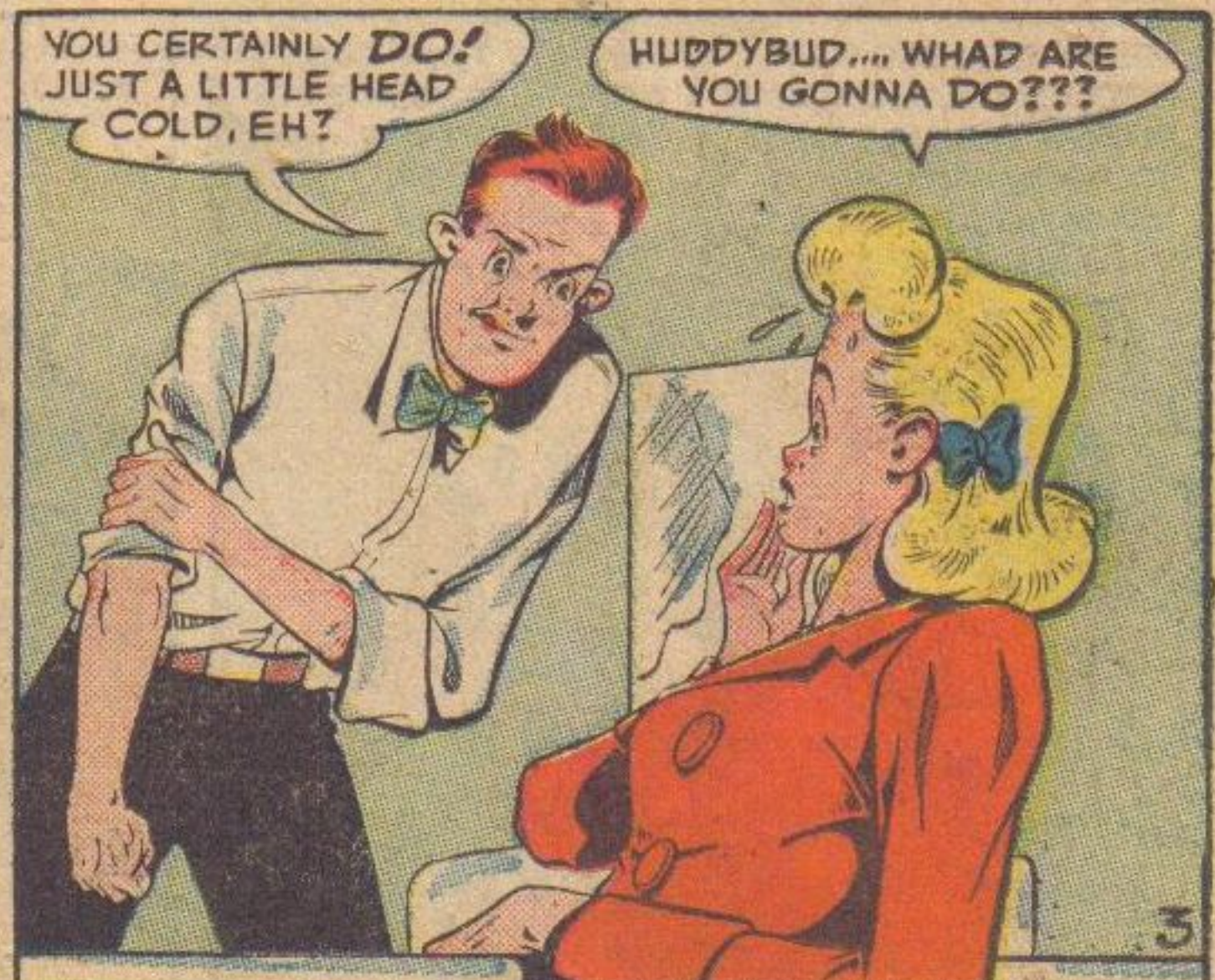
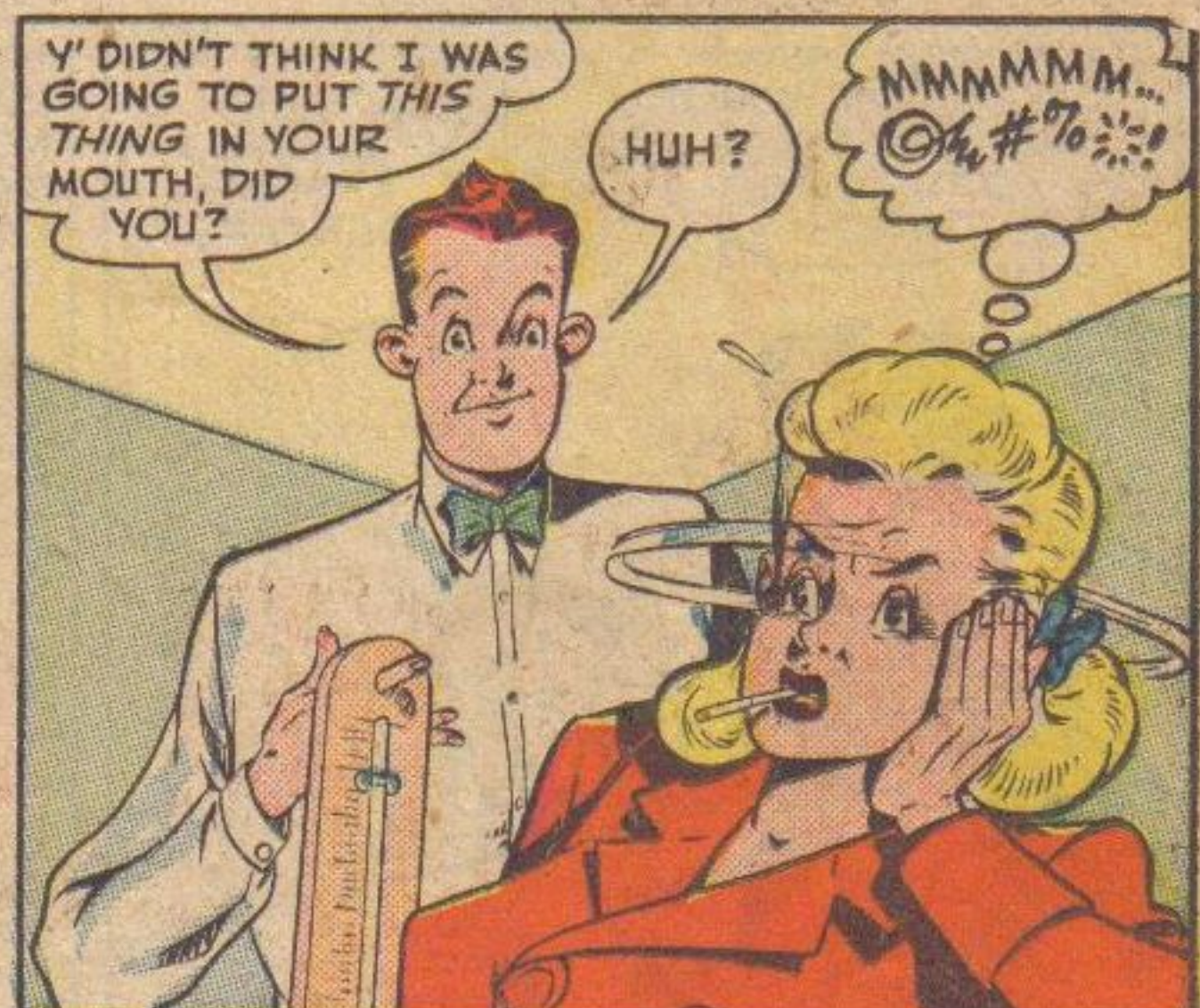
OMIGOSH!

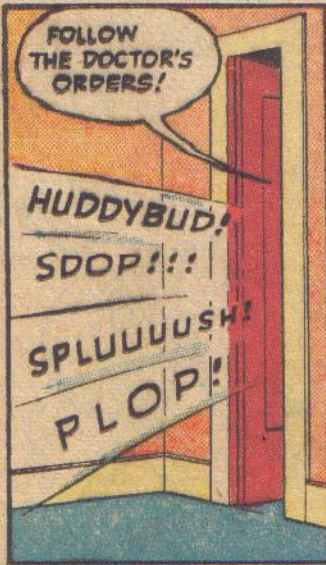


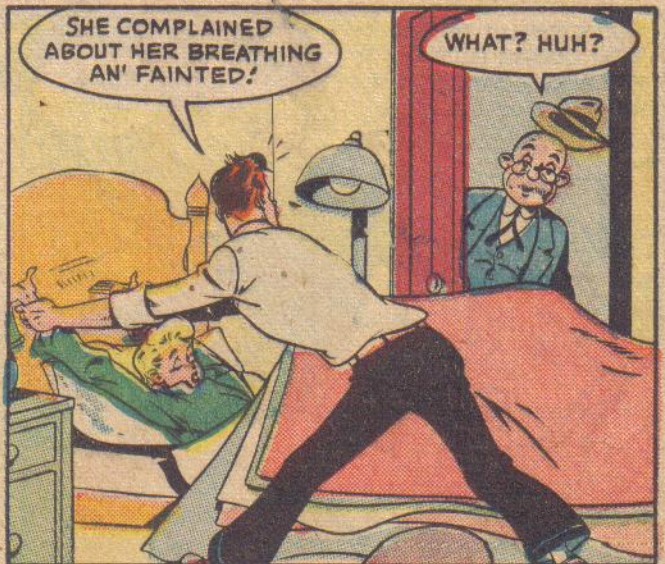
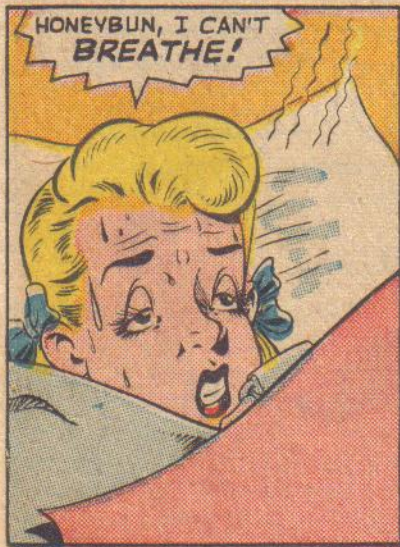
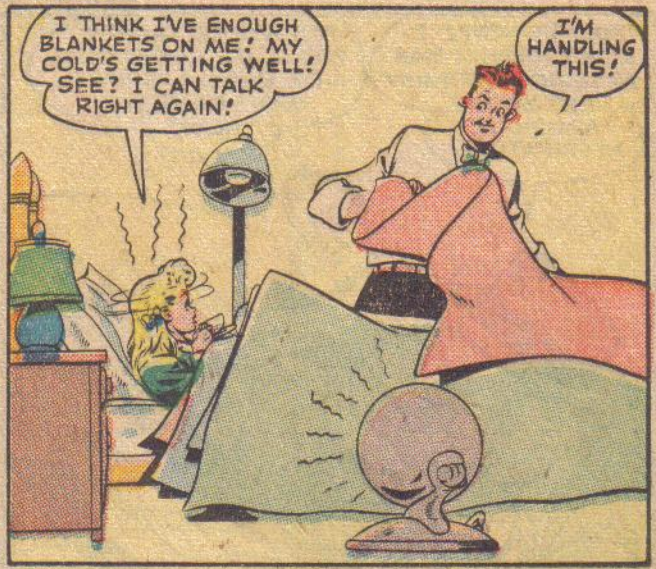
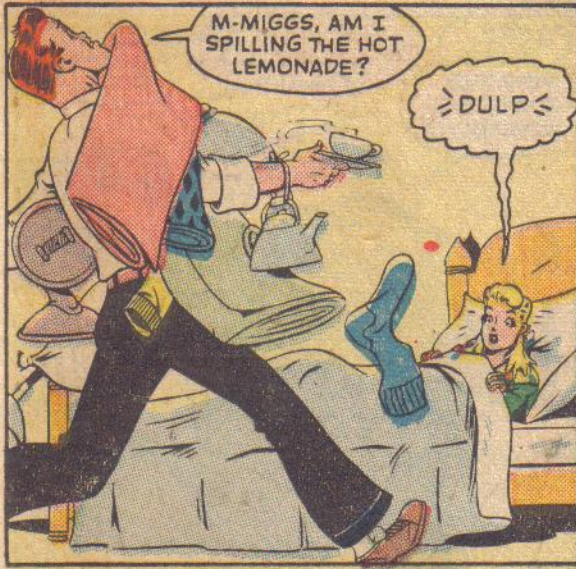
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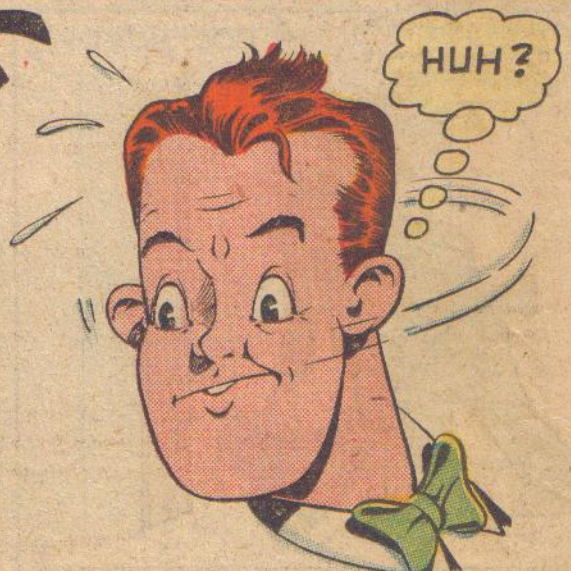
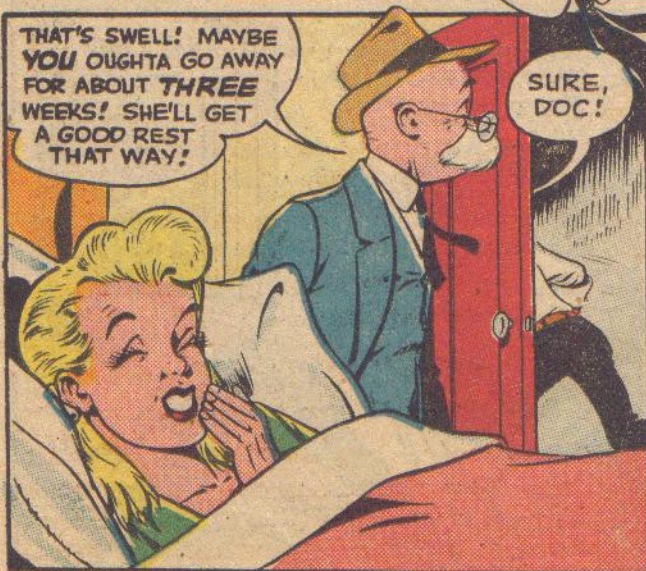
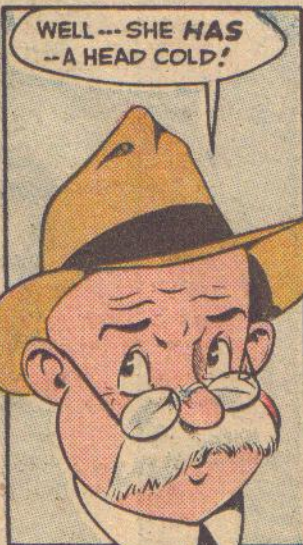
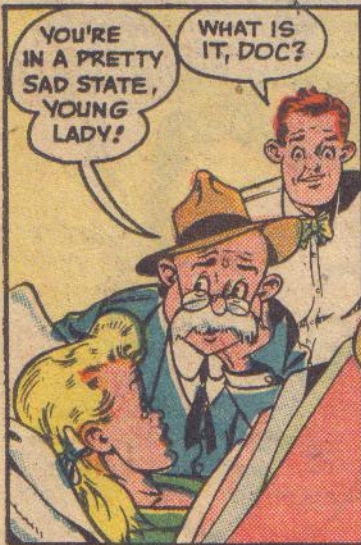
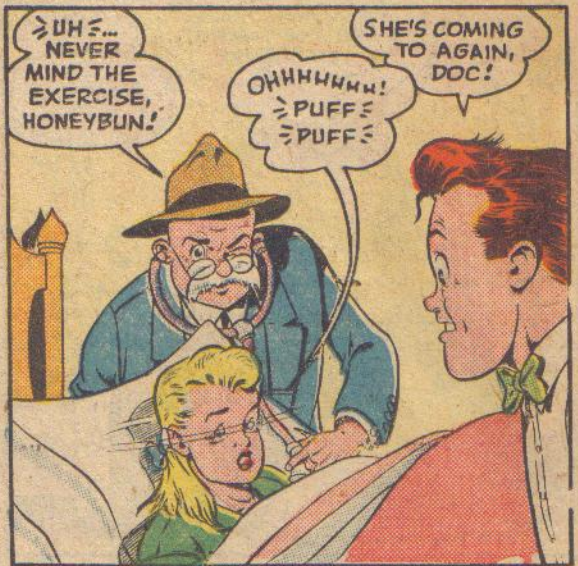
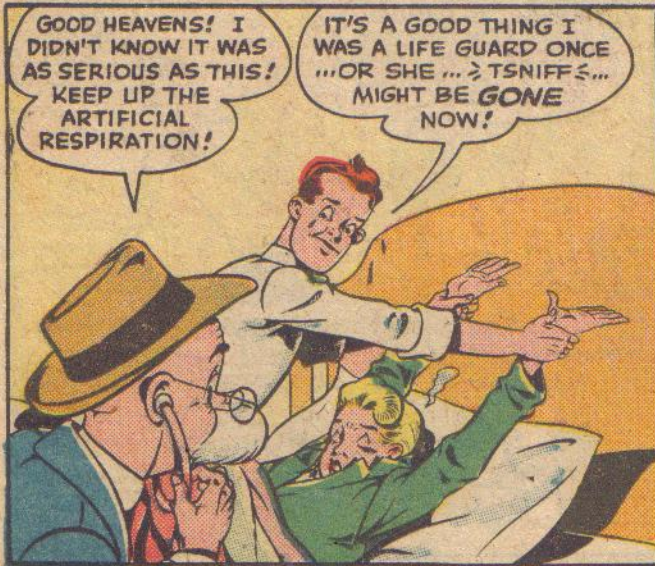
POLICE COMICS







POLICE COMICS



LEGAL PIRATES

THE big freighter had hardly docked at Havana when customs men were swarming over and in it. This was something unusual for the Conway ships. Old Jed Conway had a reputation for honesty and square dealings that stretched from Nova Scotia to Patagonia.

Nonetheless, Havana customs officials were doing a thorough job of searching the holds of Conway's ship. They had just about given up, however, when one of the men stumbled upon the thing they were looking for—a consignment of gold. Contraband!

When the newspapers got hold of this fact, the headlines fairly screamed. Conway accused of shipping contraband!

Conway and his lawyers, of course, put up a stiff fight. This was a plant! Somebody was trying to frame the line!

But there was the evidence!

Speculation ran rife among Conway's friends, and also, his enemies. What would happen? Would Conway be convicted? Would he lose the line? The Conway Shipping Line had stood for something mighty for more than 40 years. All through the war Conway's great cargo ships had carried full loads everywhere Uncle Sam sent them. Several of them had gone down in the German sub blitz.

Ship owners don't make a lot of money during war. Governments pay as little as is necessary to ship its wares. And usually when the strife has ended, these ships are in poor condition, because during war there is no chance, nor materials, to repair damage.

Conway had had his shipping line offices in Miami for the last 30 years. For the past 25, Fritz Diehl, president of the Viking Line, had also used this Florida city as headquarters. Conway and Diehl were not good friends. Diehl had tried to buy Conway for years.

There were those who thought Diehl might have something to do with the contraband found in Conway's ship. There was no proof, however.

Asked for a statement by the newspapers, Conway would make no accusation. "How

should I know?" he'd reply. "Mebbe he did frame me, but I have no proof."

Tip Barnes of the Express liked old Conway. Many an evening Tip had spent listening to Conway spin yarns of his early experiences. Tip was trying to write fiction, and Conway was a goldmine of plots. Tip believed that Diehl had plotted against his rival, and that Conway was innocent. He meant to find out.

Of course, there was this to consider: As before stated, ships of every line were in bad condition, run down, and owners faced a tremendous repair expense. It was only natural to assume that a few others might be tempted to accept a bit of easy money. . . .

"I don't get it," said Jimmy Hackett one day to Tip. "Easy money!"

"It's like this," Tip said. "When war broke, a lot of rich people in Europe stashed their moola in Central and South America, pending peace. They knew it would be confiscated otherwise. All right, the war is over. Those big-wigs are over here and they want to spend that dough. Now if they bring it in legally, Uncle Sammy will take a big slice of it. Right? So what's more natural than that they approach ship owners and make a deal?"

"You mean—"

"I see you're waking up, Jimmy," Tip went on. "For a neat little profit, some of these ship owners are bound to accept and bring in the stuff on the q. t."

Jimmy made a distasteful gesture. "But I thought you didn't believe Conway was guilty."

"I don't. He just happens to be a good one to frame. And I think I know who framed him."

Jimmy looked interested. "Diehl?"

Tip looked wise and said nothing. Then:

"You and I may have a little job some evening, Jimmy."

Dick Mace, young American detective of rather notorious fame, arrived by plane in Miami on a Friday. He too had some ideas about the smuggling case. It was only natural

POLICE COMICS

that he and Tip Barnes gravitated together at once.

"Got any real solid ideas, Tip?" asked Dick.

"Nothing to speak of. Hunches, let's say."

Dick nodded. "Know Conway?"

"Sure. Best guy in the business."

"Diehl?"

Tip nodded. "But not so well. Diehl's a slick one. I have some ideas about him. Going to check into his past a bit."

Dick said, "Uh-huh. Tell me about what you find. Then we'll get to work."

Dick visited the local Coast Guard and Customs offices and casually pointed out that a search of Diehl ships might be in order.

Why? They wanted to know. We have no reason to suspect Mr. Diehl.

"In other words," said Dick, "now that you have a scapegoat you feel that the thing is settled. Conway is guilty."

That's the way it seemed to the officials.

When Dick and Tip next met, Tip had news.

"Diehl's record is so clean that I don't believe it," he said emphatically. "Too pat, Dick."

Dick told him about his experience with the law.

"Can't budge 'em," he finished. "They think they've got their man and that's all there is to it."

"The fools!" Tip growled. "Now what?"

Dick grinned. "We'll have to do some looking on our own, I guess. Busy tonight?"

Tip shook his head.

"Diehl's *Lady Mary* gets in at midnight," said Dick. "Catch?"

"I'll say I catch! Okay. I'll be with you."

Later, Dick thought it over. If the Coast Guard and Customs wouldn't exert themselves, there wasn't much sense in his and Tip's trying. Ah!

Dick had no trouble in chartering a seaplane, and a tough crew of sailors. He explained his scheme to Tip at dinner. They would try their stunt about two miles off shore. The plane was equipped with two-way radio.

That night the seaplane, roaring low over

the water of Biscayne Bay, landed a hundred yards off the bow of the *Lady Mary* and signalled the ship to stop.

In a collapsible boat, Dick, Tip and their crew of six hard-boiled men rowed to the big cargo liner and climbed aboard. The plane crew kept their right hands in their jacket pockets—menacingly.

The crew of the freighter were stunned. This looked like a boarding party. Piracy!

Dick ordered three of his crew to search the hold of the *Lady Mary*, telling Tip to stay on deck and watch things while he made a little private excursion of his own. He went overside.

A fight broke out below decks soon and Tip heard the thud of heavy fists landing. A man yelled.

The captain of the Diehl ship thundered that he'd have them all up for piracy. Tip laughed. But there was a tingling sensation running up and down his spine. Piracy on the high seas was a serious offense. Did Mace know what he was doing?

Dick, dripping, and shaking sea water out of his eyes, climbed over the rail a half hour later. He carried a sodden bundle under his arm.

"The Coast Guard'll be here in a couple of minutes," he told the deck. "Just radioed 'em."

"What's the meaning of this?" roared the skipper. "The Coast Guard!"

Dick nodded, pointing to the dark sky. Two lights like pin points were just visible approaching from shore. They grew bigger, and then the thrumming of a plane's motors could be heard. The big ship roared over the freighter, its searchlight lighting up the deck. Then it landed with a slap, and a few minutes later two officers climbed overside.

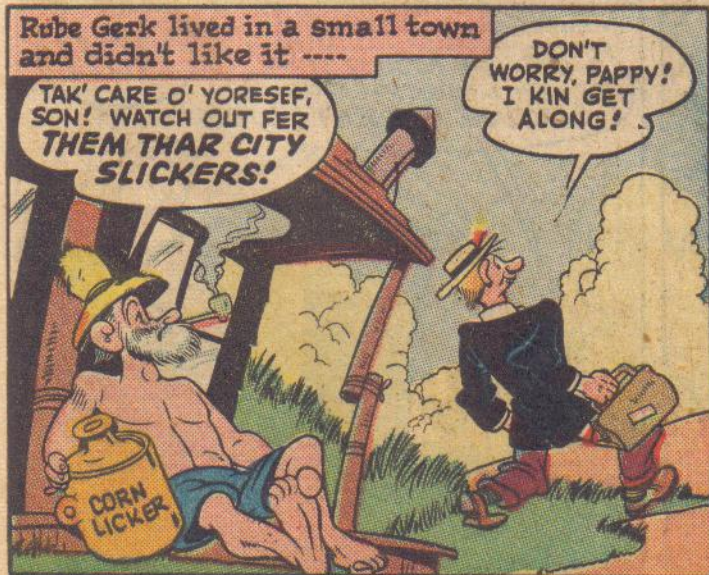
"Well?" one said to Dick. "Let's have your evidence."

Dick handed him the wet bundle. "Found it in a secret cache in the rudder, sir," he reported. "Very clever hiding place."

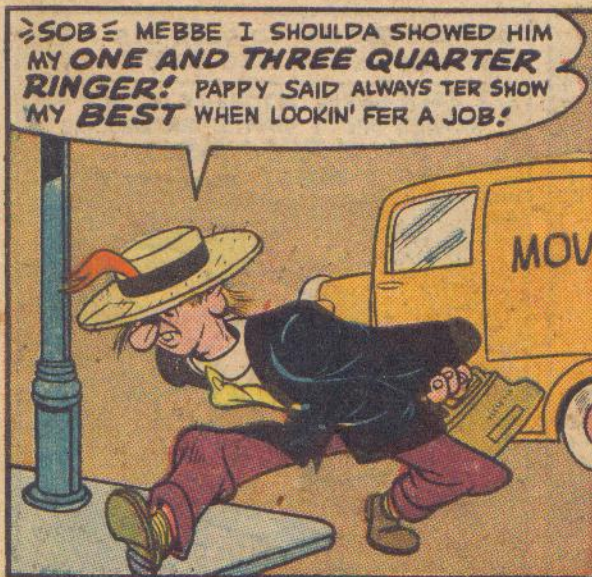
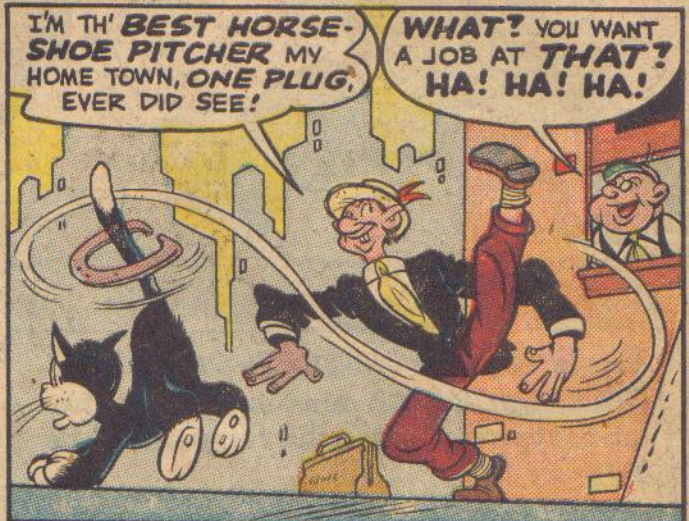
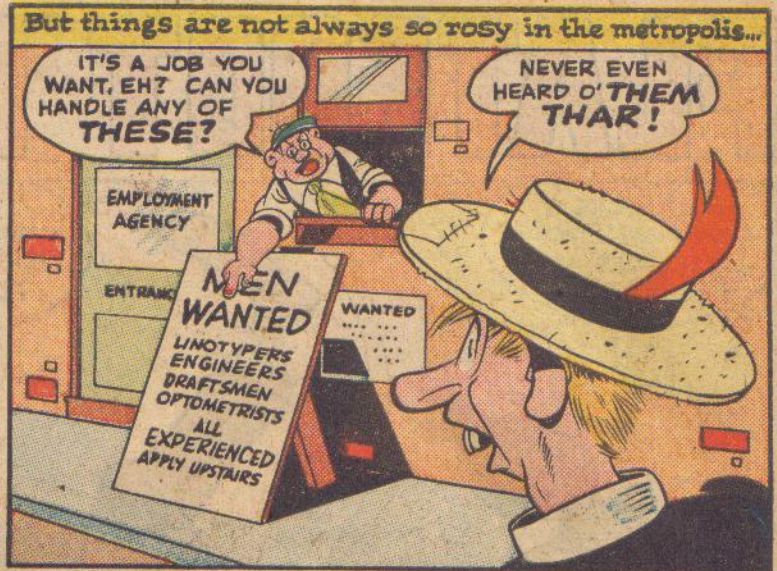
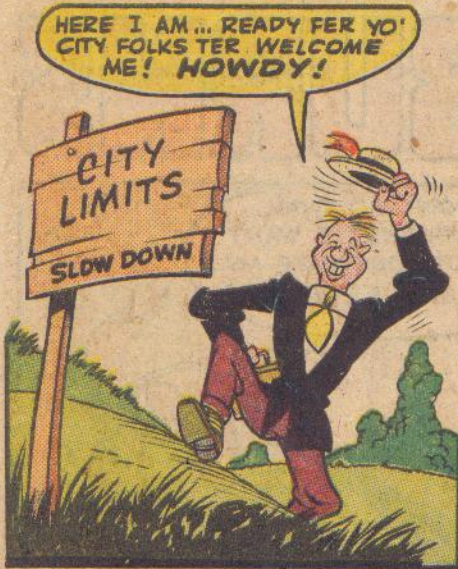
The Guardsman opened the bundle. It was a roll of \$1000 bills. "Gosh!" cried the officer. "Must be a half million in this!"

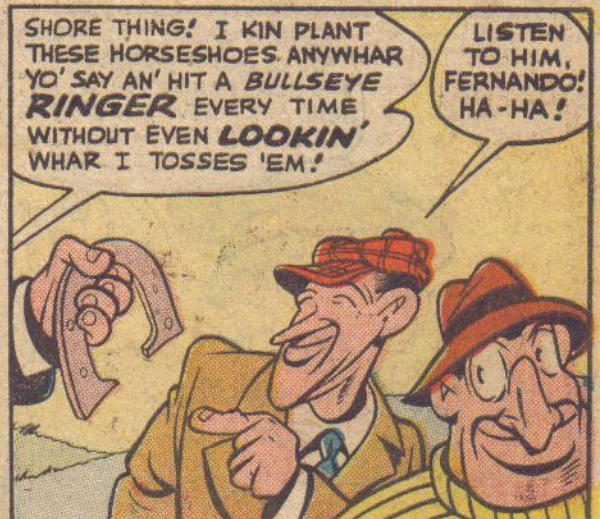
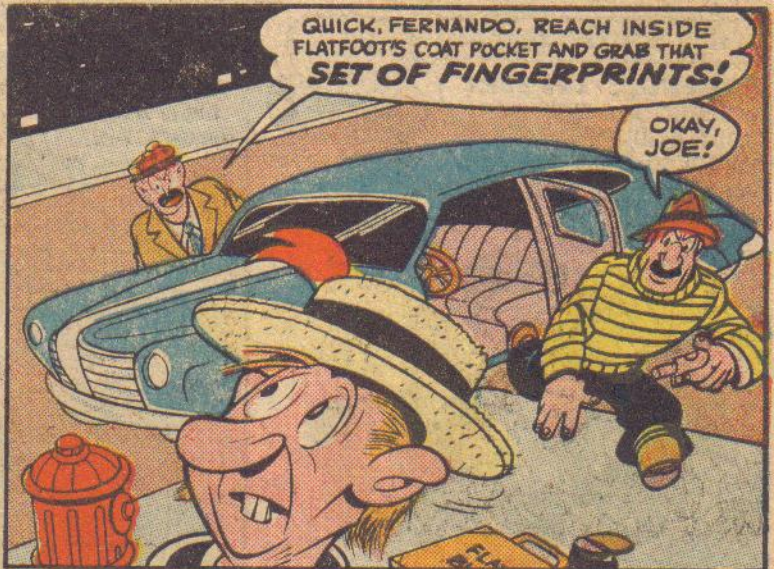
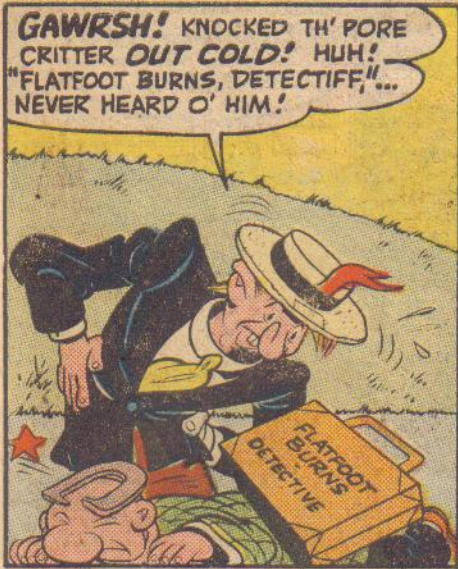
The skipper of the *Lady Mary* confessed later that Diehl had been smuggling money into the United States for several months. Diehl, under pressure, confessed to framing Conway in order to get his line away from him.

FLATFOOT BURNS



POLICE COMICS

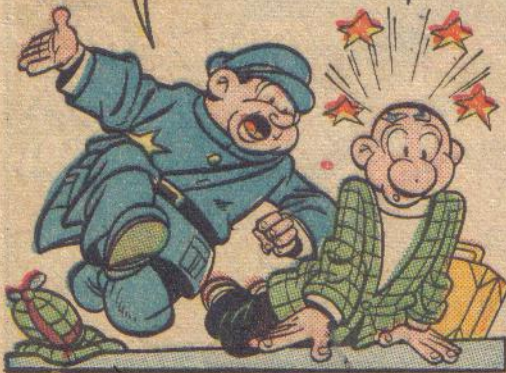




A few hours later...

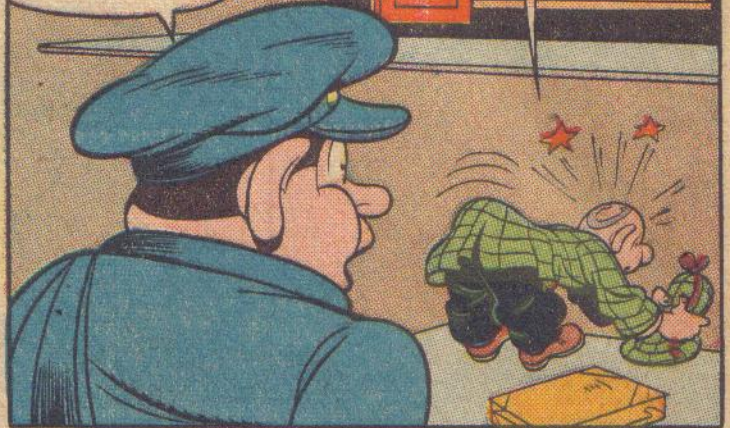
FLATFOOT! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! **GULP** ... HE'S KNOCKED OUT! **HEY!**

ER....
HUH, CHIEF?



THERE HAVE BEEN A SERIES OF **HORSESHOE ROBBERIES!** YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THEM?

HM-M? **HORSESHOES?** I DON'T QUITE REMEMBER....



GREAT SCOTT, FLATFOOT, YOU'VE GOT A **PRINT** OF THE HORSESHOE ON YOUR HEAD! I KNEW YOU'D HAVE A **CLUE** TO THESE CRIMES!

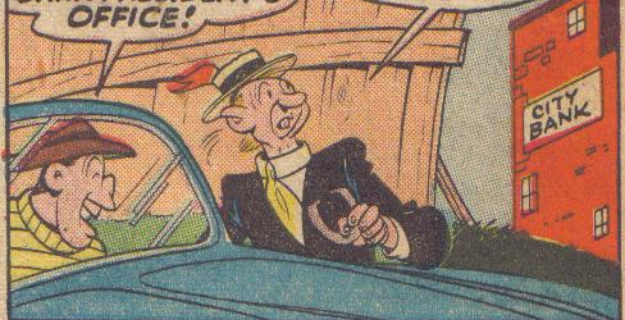
WHAT?



Meanwhile...

TRY ANOTHER **RINGER, RUBE!** SEE IF YOU CAN ZIP ONE OVER THAT FENCE INTO THE **BANK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE!**

B-BUT, I BEEN DEMONSTRATIN' MY HORSESHOE PITCHIN' FER TH' LAST TWO HOURS! I'VE BEEN KNOCKIN' OUT **JEWELRY STORE WINDOWS, HOCK SHOPS, AND...**



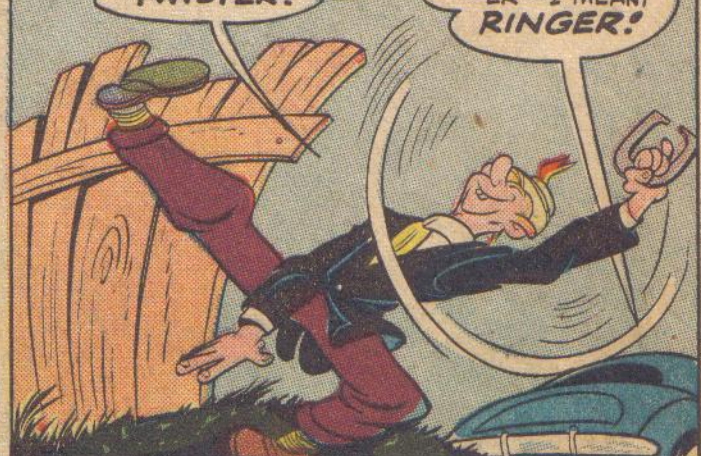
JUST **CHICKEN FEED, RUBE!** YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO BE A BANK PRESIDENT AND **HERE'S** YOUR **BIG OPPORTUNITY!**

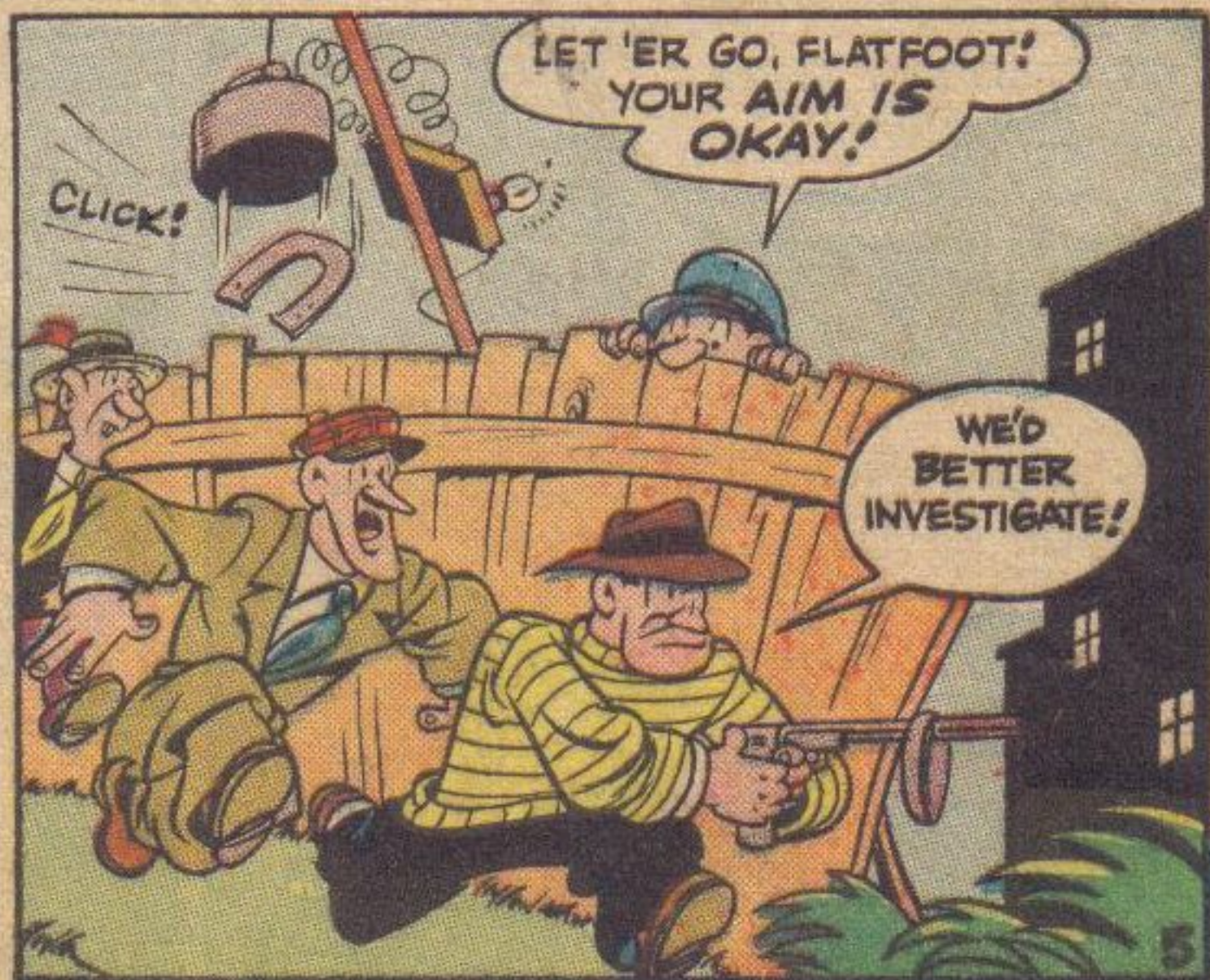
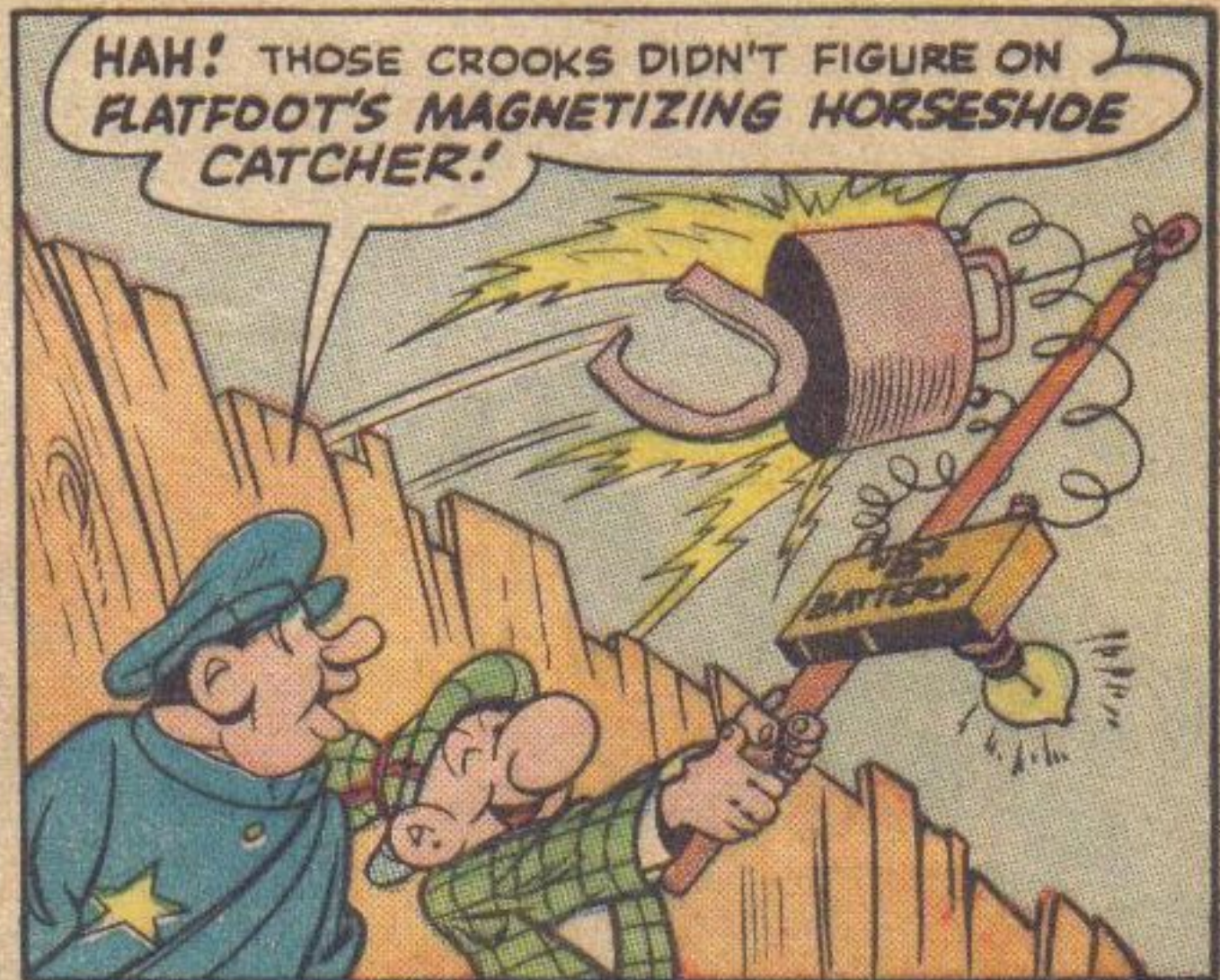
GAWRSH! THIS HERE'S A MIGHTY **PEE-CULYAR** WAY TER GET A JOB!

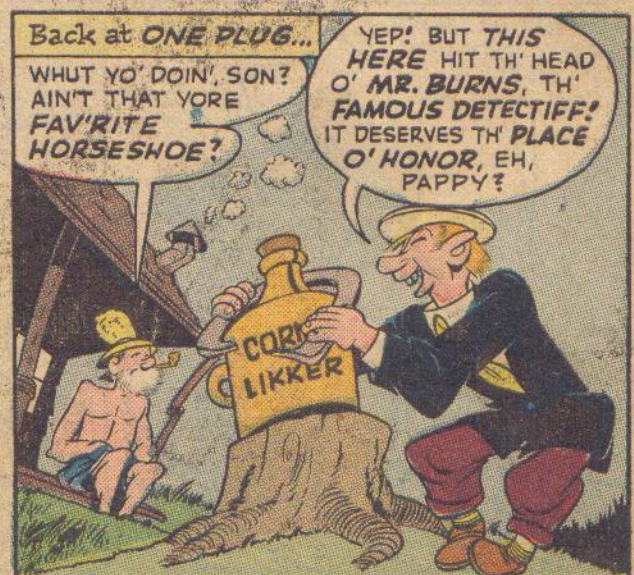
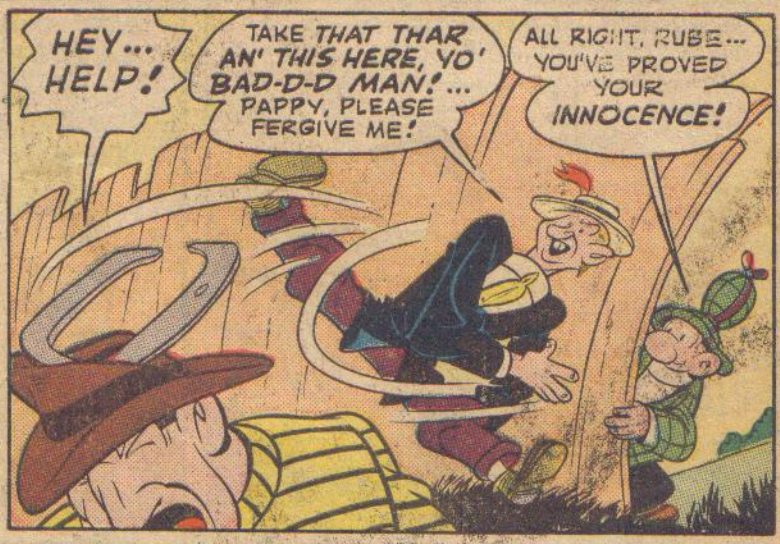


BUT I TRUST YO' GUYS, SO HERE GOES MY **THREE AND THREE QUARTER TWISTER!**

GOOD! WHAT A PERFECT **BANK HOLDUP** --ER-- I MEAN, **RINGER!**







THE SPIRIT

Shadows in the night...
unseen but swift in striking
and leaving no trace...
in the case of the
**Will o' Wisp
Murders!**



Ellen Dolan, daughter of the Police Commissioner, is asking a difficult favor....

DOLAN SAYS HE'S SICK
OF MY BUTTING INTO
POLICE BUSINESS!

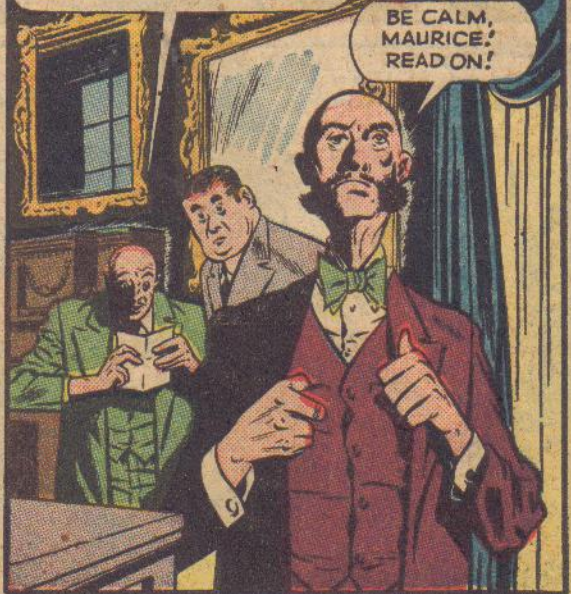
BUT MR. VAN VLEET HAS
WARNED THE POLICE TO
STAY OUT OF THIS CASE...
SAYS HIS LIFE DEPENDS ON
NO INTERFERENCE! YOU
MUST HELP, SPIRIT--
YOU MUST!



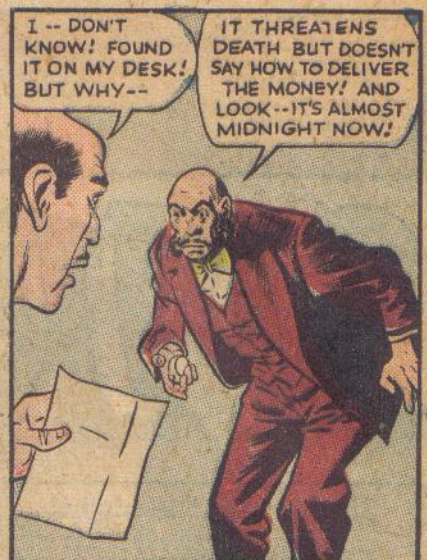
At the home of wealthy KURT VAN VLEET,
on a rock above the river...

THIS IS A FINAL WARNING -- DELIVERED AS IF BY
MAGIC! IT SAYS -- "PREPARE TO PAY A
MILLION DOLLARS BY MIDNIGHT! IF NOT,
YOUR SECRETARY MAURICE WILL DIE ON
THE STROKE OF TWELVE!..."

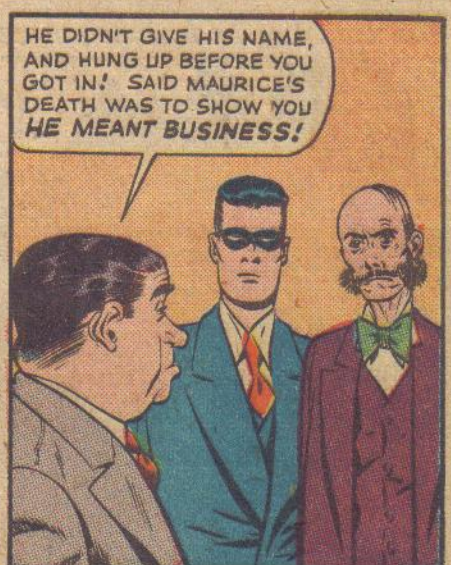
BE CALM,
MAURICE.
READ ON!

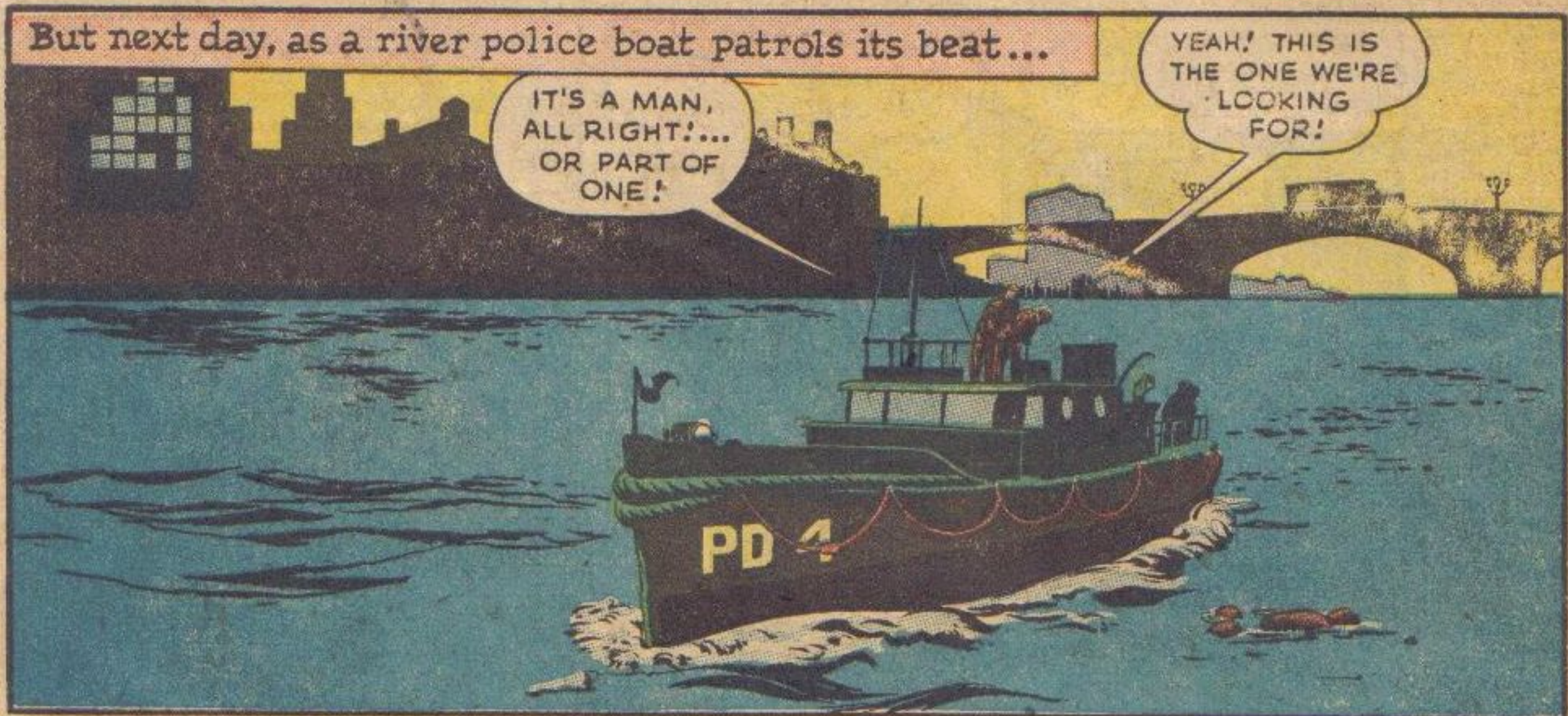


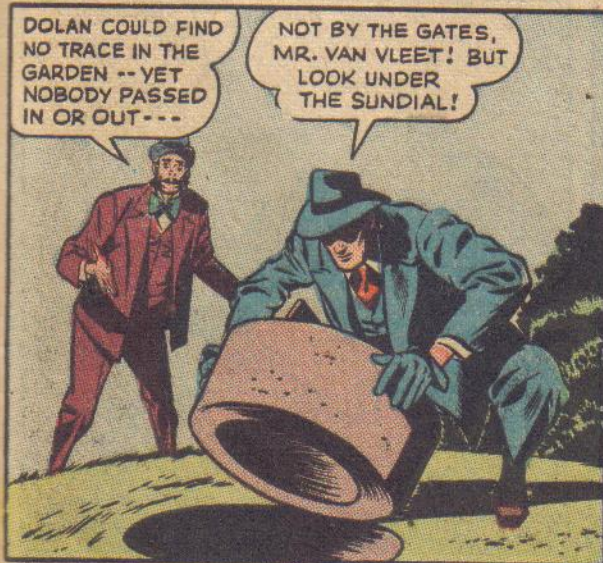
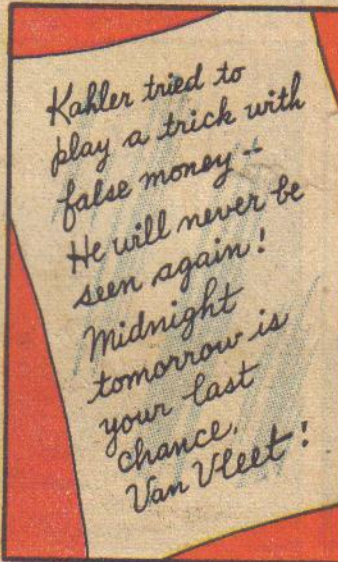
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS







But the tunnel and river
yield no clues -- and nextday...

SPIRIT!

THEY THREW
A ROCK -- JUST
MISSED ME
-- NOBODY IN
SIGHT NOW!

HERE'S
A NOTE
ATTACHED!

By now Van Vleet,
you know what it
will mean to
ignore this! Row
out from the foot
of your bluff --
alone -- with one
million in cash --
tonight at
midnight!
We do not
think you will
try any more
tricks!

LET ME GO IN
THE BOAT, MR.
VAN VLEET!
I'LL TRAP
THEM ---

I DON'T DARE!
THEY'LL KILL ME LIKE
MAURICE AND KAHLER!
I MUST PAY THE MILLION
DOLLARS AND BE
GLAD I'M LEFT
ALIVE!

And once more it is midnight...

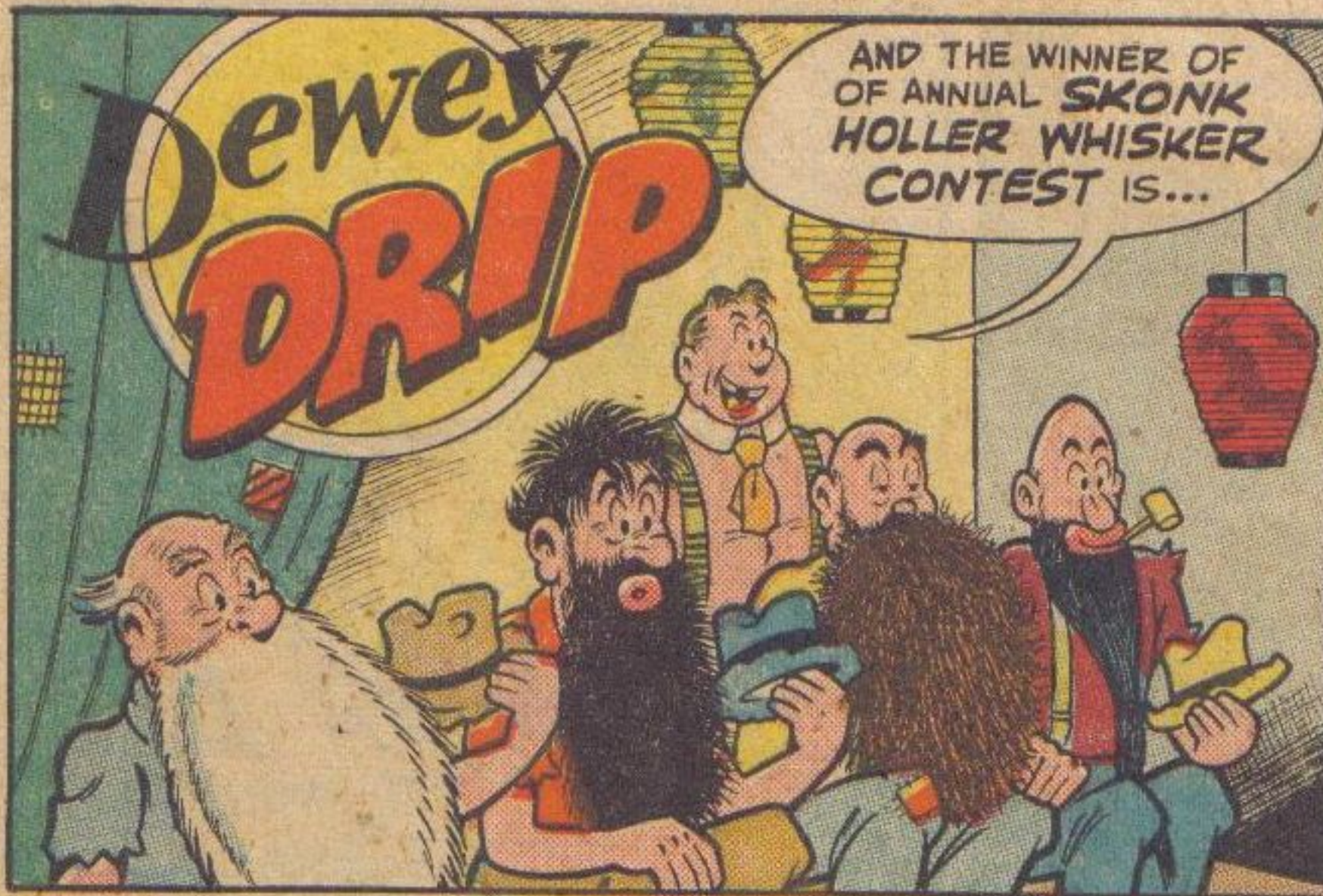
YOU, MR. VAN VLEET?
HAVE YOU THE
MONEY?

YES! COME CLOSE
AND I'LL GIVE
IT TO YOU!

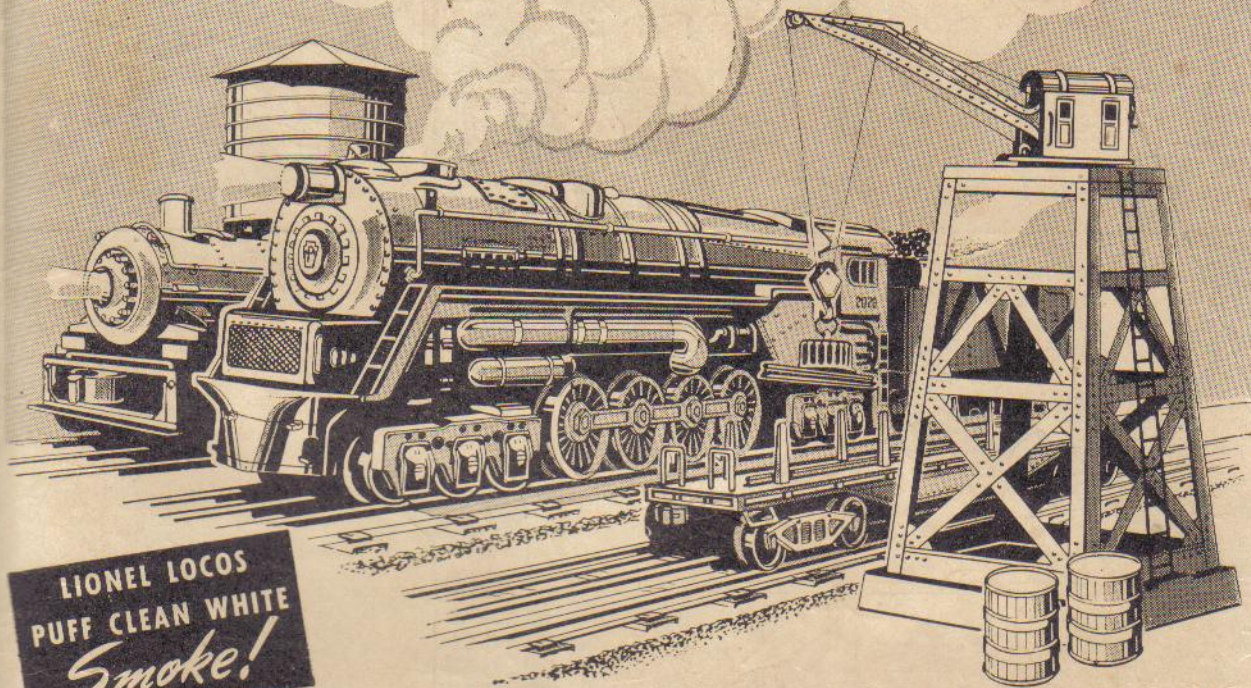
HERE -- EXAMINE
IT TO SEE THAT
I BROUGHT
WHAT YOU ASKED!

DON'T PAY
THEM A CENT,
MR. VAN VLEET!

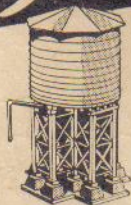




If you want a **LIONEL** Train for Christmas, here's what to do!



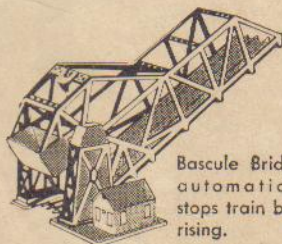
**LIONEL LOCOS
PUFF CLEAN WHITE
Smoke!**



Brand new operating Water Tower — water lowers and rises in the tank. Remote control operation.



Automatic Gateman — rushes out and swings lantern when train approaches.



Bascule Bridge → automatically stops train before rising.

WE'LL SEND YOU OUR SECRET "POP PERSUADER"

It's sure fire! — guaranteed to let "Pop" know you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas. You'll love it. "Pop" will get a kick out of it. And Say! — the new LIONEL trains and accessories are out of this world. Send the coupon today — you'll see!

*full Color Catalog also
Scenery Building Book*



**Mail
Coupon
Today**

LIONEL TRAINS

Locos puff **SMOKE** and **WHISTLE** like real trains.

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. "A3"
15 East 26 St., New York (10), N. Y.

Please send the full color catalog and Scenery Construction Book — also secret "Pop Persuader". (I enclose 10c for mailing.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Please don't forget 10c for mailing charges)

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 M, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 M,
115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.